JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

Mrs. Toole, of Norbury, says:

"Twenty-one years ago I was given this tea-cloth as a wedding present . . .

naturally I've always washed it with Persil, and to-day it looks as good as new"

A recent photograph of Mrs. Toole with the actual tea-cloth.

She goes on to say: ". . . Persil is excellent for all types of washing, and keeps my things in beautiful condition. You've only to look at the threads of the crochet work in my cloth to know how Persil preserves the most delicate fabrics."

The special blend of soap and oxygen in Persil makes it clean extra gently. So even the most delicate fabrics are absolutely safe in this wonderful washer. Persil keeps the hands beautifully soft and white too!

Persil's GENTLE CLEANSING makes things last longer

PER 621-631-66

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

THE ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE DEALING FOR A STRAIGHT USE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 35.

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Special to "John Bull" readers. Real Marvellous Value ever offered. Read the Guaranteed Contents:—2 Heavy Turkish White Bound Blankets, full size 90 x 96. 1 Heavy Coloured Bound Blanket, 54 x 72. 2 Pure White Bound Blankets, soft, warm, durable, 60 x 76. 1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, 90 x 70 (White or Coloured). 1 White Damask Tablecloth, 62 x 62, coloured borders, Gold, Blue & Pink. 1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Crimson, Olive, etc., on Taupe ground. Centre design, raised Art. silk spots, 90 x 90. 1 Heavy Bound Hearthrug Cloth or Dust Sheet, size 112ins. 1 Lovely Soft Slip Cushion, 2 White Fibre Cups, Coloured Embroidered, Pink, Blue, Gold, 20 x 12.

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9/- plus Bargain Catalogue post free.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- extra, we will forward direct from our looms one of our 'Prudential' Reversible SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., hand-somely bordered, in Green, Brown, Blue, Rose and fashionable shades of Crimson, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Thousands repeat Orders. Money refunded if not approved. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 doormats for 20/-. Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D. P. HODGSON & SONS (T.), Woodsley Road, Leeds.

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An outstanding bargain which only we are in the position to make Genuine Tram Drivers' Heavy Double Paramatta Waterproof Coats, practically new and unworn, at the amazing price of 10/6, plus Postage. Single-breasted style, buttoned to neck. All seams double taped and reinforced. Raglan double sleeves. GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF. All sizes 36 to 48 ins. Chest measurement. These Garments have only been very slightly used, have all been thoroughly cleaned and pressed, and are in excellent condition. An absolute bargain for all Road, Farm and outdoor workers. Cash refunded if not satisfied.

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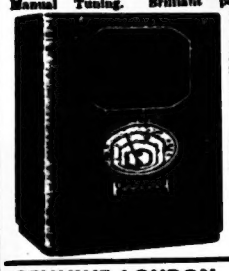

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4'9 Post 6d.

An opportunity of real interest to all Road Workers, Farm Workers, Lorry Drivers, etc., etc. Genuine London Police Capes, only very slightly worn, and offered at a fraction of their actual cost. Made from heavy Black Oilskin, with Blue Wool Serge Lining. Guaranteed absolutely waterproof under all conditions, and will give real hard service for many years. Assorted sizes—state height when ordering. This offer will not be repeated. Order to-day with utmost confidence. Money back if in any way dissatisfied.

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Fully Guaranteed. Cash or Terms. Easily erected. Delivered Free or Carr. Pd. Eng. & Wales.

Farm Book No. 52 from J. THORN & SONS, LTD., Box 52, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

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6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	49/-	8/6
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BILLIARD TABLES FREE *

You can win one. Write for details and Price List.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., ARGUS WORKS, ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 12, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

Riley 'Home' Billiard Table resting on ordinary table.

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I OFFER 1,000 BRAND NEW COVENTRY BICYCLES DURING SEPTEMBER AT CUT PRICES AND TERMS. FROM 57/6. Carriage paid. An enormous saving on each cycle. A postcard will bring you free lists.

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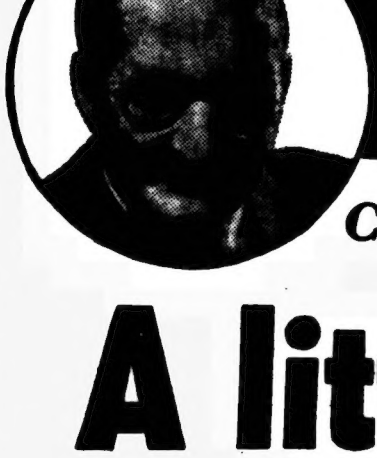


Christopher Stone says:

A little 'push' will get you anywhere!

I BELIEVE you could train an intelligent puppy to tune this new Bush receiver—Bush Button tuning is as simple as that!

Once the set is switched on you've a choice of five pre-selected stations literally at your finger tips. A little push and there you are. Of course, those five are the stations you usually like to listen to. But if you want a change press one of the other three buttons and you're back to manual tuning on long, medium or short waves. It's just 'automagic' to me!

Let's come back to earth. You can own one of these new Bush Button receivers for as little as 10½ gns. and if that doesn't surprise you nothing ever will. There's no need for me to tell you what good looking sets Bush make—the illustration shows you that. Nor how reliable—Bush owners from Land's End to Lerwick are always singing their praises. Own one and I'm pretty sure you'll agree with me "there's nothing you can beat about the Bush."

There's a Bush dealer in your neighbourhood who I'm sure you'll find equally enthusiastic. Go along and have a chat with him!

★What 'BUSH BUTTON' Tuning does:—

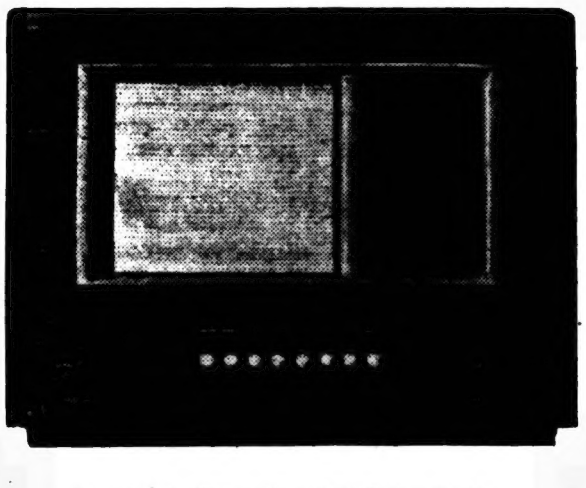
★ Push a button—and there's your station, instantly and accurately tuned.

★ Push another button—and there's another station, previous one being automatically cut out.

★ Stations not available on automatic tuning can be hand-tuned immediately simply by pushing the desired waveband button—LONG, MEDIUM or SHORT.

★ No switch for changing of waveband; no switch for changing to MANUAL tuning.

★ Push-Button stations can, within broad limits, be any of your own choice.



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Thursday, for week ending
Saturday, September 10, 1938.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

Teaching our Teachers to Learn
Merton's Too Smart-Alecs
He Put His Men First

WELL played, Britain! The nation can be proud of its part during the past two weeks. It has been true to itself.

They have been anxious days. The war-threat, like some hideous bird of prey, hovering over Europe.

A few months back Czechoslovakia was little more than a name to most of us. But as the Sudeten trouble brewed our people swiftly took its measure.

Force or Reason ?

Shall human affairs be ruled by force or reason? That, they saw, was the real issue.

And that's not just a Czecho-German quarrel. It's something vital to all of us. So calmly, firmly, unitedly, Britain has thrown her weight on the side of reason.

See what A. G. Gardiner says about this on page 11.

Turning the Screw

More pressure on ratepayers. Merton and Morden Council recently issued 1,132 summonses for non-payment; a record number heard at Wimbledon Police Court last week.

Reason for summonses: only one demand sent out this time—people expecting final notice received summons instead.

If change of practice was merely a blunder, it was a serious reflection on the Council's administration. If deliberate, it smacks of smart-Alec methods which we hope Merton and Morden will drop and other councils shun.

Not Forgotten

Councils may give little consideration to their ratepayers. But here's an employer who thought of his workpeople—the late Mr. John Post Lawrence.

He desired that none should be put out of work by his death. So he chose as residuary legatees his two managers, who will carry on his businesses and do so just as he did.

Many think private ownership of business unjust. Be that as it may, it exists. And so long as it does, the welfare of workers will vary with the character of their employers. So praise the masters who put their men first!

Making Martyrs

Here's true tolerance! This month a Freethinkers' Congress—Anti-God Conference, some call it—takes place in London. The Bishop of Ely refuses to support a petition asking the Home Secretary to ban it.

Let everyone, says the Bishop, express his views, whatever they are.

Muzzle your opponent, he points out, and you make him a martyr, defeat your own purpose.

Learn to Learn !

Trying to gag your critics, he might have added, brands your own case as weak. If you've faith in your cause, a fair hearing all round is all you need.

Keep an open mind. Keep a fresh mind, too!

Here's the test of a good education. Not What have I learned? But, Have I learned how to learn?

Don't think of education as a book which you close on leaving school. It's a process that should never cease, that should flourish on whatever we do and wherever we find ourselves.

Schools for Teachers

If that goes for all of us, how much more must it hold for teachers. Welcome, therefore, the L.C.C.'s Saturday morning "refresher" lectures for those who teach in its schools.

Here, those who instruct London's young can themselves be instructed in the latest developments in all branches of knowledge.

Down on the Farm

Woman's voice has now been heard on practically everything. But we rarely see up on the platform the women from down on the farm.

Farmers' wives, busy with farm as well as home, have not seemed conscious of any inferiority to the male. Or perhaps they've been too busy to bother about it.

Fresh Voices

But those days are passing. A body called the Associated Country Women of the World is seeing to that.

Next year farm women of all nationalities—from the Arctic Circle to the Southern Seas—will meet in conference in London.

Heed what they have to say. Those who are closest to the soil are furthest from artificiality.

United they Stand—

Women, once slow to organise themselves, are everywhere waking up to the value of united action.

Two months ago a Domestic Workers' Union was founded. Since then fifty cases of injustice towards domestic servants have been placed in solicitors' hands. Redress obtained in every instance.

Boon for Barmaids

Hope, too, for barmaids. Thousands of these women are overworked and underpaid.

But the Transport and General Workers' Union is taking up their plight with the Ministry of Labour. A chance that they will be brought under a trade board. That would at least assure a minimum wage.

New Gretna Follies

THE Gretna Green lunacy goes from bad to worse.

Young fools are still allowed to gabble mumbo-jumbo over the anvils of rival "blacksmiths," who find their form of showmanship a profitable business.

Many couples leave without knowing whether they are legally married or not.

Some can marry someone else the following day if they choose. Others are tied for life to unsuitable partners—and regret it within a week.

We've no sympathy for these scatterbrained young folk. But we say again that the law should not encourage their folly.

Nearly a year has passed since an official committee recommended a Bill to end the scandal, which had long been attacked by "John Bull."

That Bill has never seen the light of day. If it is mouldering in some Whitehall pigeonhole, it should be brought out, dusted, and put through Parliament next session. No M.P. would oppose it.

Col. John Colville, Secretary for Scotland, must wake up. Not only to set the minds and hearts of many parents at rest, but to end an unsavoury and absurd scandal.

Silver Jubilee

One more example of what unity can do. This month the N.U.R. celebrates its Silver Jubilee—before 1913 it was split into three small unions.

No N.U.R. leader would pretend that railwaymen live in luxury, have no grievances. But think how much they have gained by presenting a solid front in their demands for better conditions!

Their union has done magnificent work. We can rely upon it to do as well in the next twenty-five years.

Britain, Please Copy

Workers and those who champion their interests rightly set great store by higher pay and shorter hours. But don't forget the importance to health and happiness of improving the physical conditions under which work is done.

Nurses, for example, spend half their time walking. But their godsend has come at last.

A device, just installed in a German hospital, enables the patient to signal his requirements to the nurse and so save her a journey to ask why he rang the bell.

Copy this device in British hospitals. But see that nurses get the benefit. Give them shorter hours.

Don't halve the walk and double the work!

Unwanted Babies

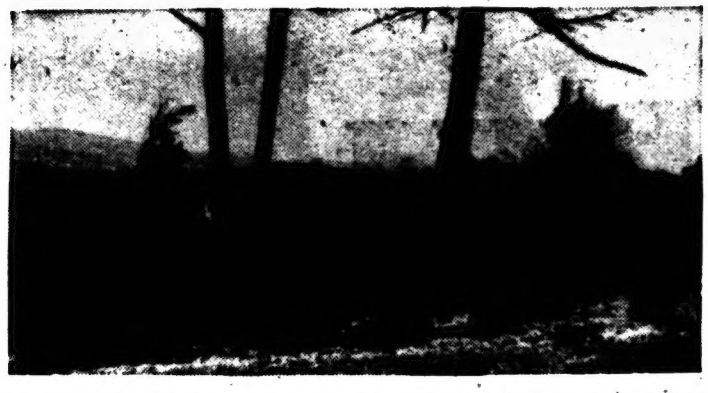
And stop the exploitation of "unwanted" babies! Did you know that local authorities often hand over homeless infants to foster-mothers till they are nine years old?

Eighteen thousand children are thus being brought up in Britain to-day.

Most of these foster-mothers are kind and capable. But lax supervision by one or two local authorities has bred abuses.

The Ministry of Health has been looking into this. And high time.

Give these unhappy youngsters a decent chance. Let none profit from their need!



(Left) A tree seen at Meikleour, Perthshire, by Mr. Wighton, of Edinburgh, pulls a face like an ape.

But (centre), here's real grace. Two trees on left (seen near Arnside, Lancs, by Mr. W. S. G. Proctor, of Horncliff Road, Blackpool) decide to embrace, but keep their separate existences, while the two on right merge their entities in one.

Does the Barnsley (on the right) freak offer an explanation? It is said that a pointed stick was wedged between two young saplings, to pin down the thatch of a haystack. The stick has become a bough common to both. Picture by Mr. Sydney Moorhouse, Queen Street, Huddersfield.

Voice of the People

I HAVE just sent my Post Office savings book to headquarters to have the interest added.

After posting it, I felt I had parted with the only receipt I had for my entire wealth.

What would happen if the records at headquarters—my book among them—were destroyed by fire?—F. W. A., Calshot Street, N.1.

Says the Post Office Savings Dept.: "Not a penny piece of the public's savings has ever been lost through depositors sending us their books in the envelopes supplied. Furthermore, no one fire could result in a single person losing his or her savings deposited with us."

Spiteful Neighbours

Sterner measures are necessary to put down the apparent increase in the ill-treatment of children.

This is one crime for which I would strongly advocate the "cat."—Ernest F. Warwick, 27, Paynter's Close, Guildford, Surrey.

Stern measures are also necessary against busybodies who—often with no better excuse than that they have heard the next-door baby crying—report the parents as child floggers. Apparently recent prosecutions of cruel parents have put this idea in the heads of spiteful people. It is causing the authorities a lot of work.

Heavy Sleepers?

In the early hours of Monday morning a burglar got through a window and thoroughly explored every drawer in my house.

Although myself, my wife and two children were asleep in the house at the time, we didn't know until a local policeman came to tell us late on Tuesday evening. Then weren't we surprised!—M. E., East Lancer Road, Swinton.

Gone to Roost

I have just arrived at Smithfield Market with a lorry-load of eggs—at 5 a.m.

Squatting on the back axle was a hen that had made a 132 miles' journey throughout the night on this bouncing perch. What's more, she was quite unconcerned.

Usually, we remove any hens that perch on the axle. They have a habit of doing it. But this one tricked us somehow.—G. John, c/o Priderax's Egg Station, Langport, Somerset.

Recalls the famous cat kept at Waverley (Edinburgh) Station which made many trips to London on express buffers. King's Cross used to telegraph "She's here again." Journey back would be in guard's van, with liver, milk and other cat-delicacies.

Asleep?

I worked on a farm in Pembrokeshire, and a regular Sunday morning duty was to count the sheep.

"Everything all right?" said the farmer one Sunday dinner-time. To

which I replied: "Everything O.K. There's 884 as usual."

His brow clouded. He looked at me searchingly. "That's funny," he said, "I sold 52 of the 884 I had last week."—Dan Petrie, 1, Energlyn Terrace, Caerphilly, Glam.

Underpaid

Twenty years ago, as a sanitary inspector, I had to serve thirty-two parishes for £265 a year.

The clergy throughout that same area received, at a moderate estimate, £12,000 a year.

One clergyman (congregation usually two!) received £450 a year. In one parish the church had disappeared, and an adjoining parson held a service in the churchyard once a year to justify drawing his stipend!—F. B. Catchpole, 7, Benacre Road, Ipswich.

Such a comparison mustn't blind us to the fact that the country is full of parsons AND health officials who are chronically overworked and underpaid. Local Government service has as many shameful disparities as the Church.

Earthed

Taking shelter in a doorway during a recent thunderstorm, I was amazed when the hooter of a lorry standing at the kerb began to hoot continuously—although nobody was in the cabin.

Going over to see what was wrong I received a tremendous electric shock on touching the handle and the hooting stopped. Surely a very rare phenomenon?—Robert Murphy, Belmont, Main Street, Auchinleck, Ayrshire.

Rare with road vehicles, certainly. Tyres insulated lorry from road, so lightning charged it with static electricity, which sounded hooter till you obliged by permitting electricity to go to earth—through you.

Aeroplanes flying through storms often get charged in this way. Machine is "earthed" on landing, otherwise the charge would escape through the first passenger who tried to disembark.

"Useful Arts"

Suppose you were a librarian. How would you classify a book on the technique of silent approach in air raids, and another on "Air Attack on Cities"?

Two Birmingham libraries have solved the problem by putting them under "Useful Arts."—Charles H. Bernayes, Stratford House, South Yardley, Birmingham.

Enquiries among London librarians show it is usual to classify war operations as a "Science." Science is "knowledge systematised." Art is "practical skill guided by rules." But we wouldn't call bombing a USEFUL art.

Easing the Pinch

My husband has had a rise. You wouldn't expect that to carry a problem, but it has.

We can't decide whether to move into a better home, and still feel the accustomed pinch, or to stay where we are and benefit from the eased financial position. Which would yield the greater happiness? — Reader 127,763's Wife, Eleanor Road, Stratford, E.15.

We asked a few people round about us. Women in the main seemed to favour improving home-life at all costs and men plumped almost unanimously for getting rid of that pinch.

Raiding Road Tax

Motorists—don't grumble at the road tax!

It saves you time, money, and expense.

I can remember the time when you were always doing expensive and irksome repairs, because the bad roads shook your car to bits.—F. Anglesey, 23, Coburg Street, Lower Broughton, Salford.

But don't forget that while successive Chancellors raid the Road Tax Fund, motorists, cyclists, pedestrians and others are being killed at danger spots that are a standing disgrace.

Lovelorn

My friend, a grocer, took an egg from a crate received from Ireland, and found on it the words: "Miss A. P.——," and an address in Ireland.

So he wrote.

And back came a letter: "Thanks very much for writing, but I'm now happily married."—William Jones, the Caradoc Mission, Caradoc Road, Liverpool, 21.

Four Letters About Us

EVERYBODY likes to get a reputation for quick repartee. That, perhaps, is why a party of us sunning ourselves on the sands last week found a new and original use for "John Bull."

We read out to each other specimen letters from the "Editor Laughs Last" page. The test was to give the sort of answer the Editor indulges in.

It was such fine fun that we are going to try it at some winter parties.—B. G., Highbank Drive, East Didsbury, Manchester.

A BIG parcel of "John Bulls" arrived at the station bookstall where I am employed. As soon as opportunity offered I was immersed in one of them.

I didn't look up when I heard the patter of feet cross the booking-stall. The way they moved backwards and forwards in front of the bookstall suggested that a woman was having a look round.

Then a deafening roar made me look up. I found myself staring into the face of a very real BULL.

I was cowering in a corner, wondering whether to crawl into the cupboard or run for it, when the owner arrived and led the animal away.—Miss Norah E. Hodgkinson, 41, Lichfield Street, Walsall, Staffs.

THE New Zealand reader who claims to be the last man to receive his copy of "John Bull" may

be right as far as the summer is concerned—but not during the winter.

For during the winter months, when the lighthouse on which I work (pictured herewith) is the centre of a raging sea, in which nothing afloat could hope to escape, our boat has to be days, weeks and sometimes months overdue.

Anxiously we await for the letters from our loved ones—and our "John Bull."—D. Sullivan, Inishtrahull Lighthouse, Ballygorman, Co. Donegal.

WHEN my brother lay dying he turned to me and said: "Go out and get me 'John Bull.' I want to read it again before I go."

Then he insisted on being alone with the paper. He had read his favourite journal through almost to the last page before he passed away.—G. Nash, 10, Cooke Street, Wolverhampton.

● Tell what you are thinking about. Interesting things you've seen. Interesting things you've done.

So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter. And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you.

Sir Wyndham Childs .... Page 15
Greatest of These—..... Page 24
Human Documents ..... Page 28
True Story ..... Page 32

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

ALFRED BROOMHEAD —MARTYR!

COMPENSATION SCANDAL

ON this page, JOHN BULL reveals yet another tragic story of the ramshackle laws for the compensation of injured workmen.

But Alfred Broomhead is not the only martyr of this vicious, antiquated legislation. No, he is one of thousands.

This week the Trades Union Congress, meeting at Blackpool, heard delegates describe the fates of some of these men; heard of new and brutal abuses of Acts that were passed for the working man's protection. The facts are startling.

At least 200,000 workers are killed or injured in industry every year, yet more than half of them find it almost impossible to claim damages or compensation.

Lawyers Get Most

The law is lost in tortuous by-ways. Vested interests batten on the misfortunes of the maimed.

Even when claims are established, the appalling fact remains that £52 of every £100 paid in compensation is absorbed in legal charges and insurance companies' costs and profit. Only £48 is received by the victims.

A worker who does not belong to a trade union is helpless in battle or barter with the insurance companies who contest claims for the employers.

Millions of pounds have had to be spent by the trade unions in legal warfare for the rights of their members.

Thousands Suffer

And when those rights are won, how meagre they are.

For complete disablement the most a man can get to keep himself and his family is 30s. a week.

Ordinarily, he does not receive one-half of what he made in wages before his injury.

Because compensation payments are so commonly refused, or, when granted, so paltry, tens of thousands of families are now being supported by public assistance committees.

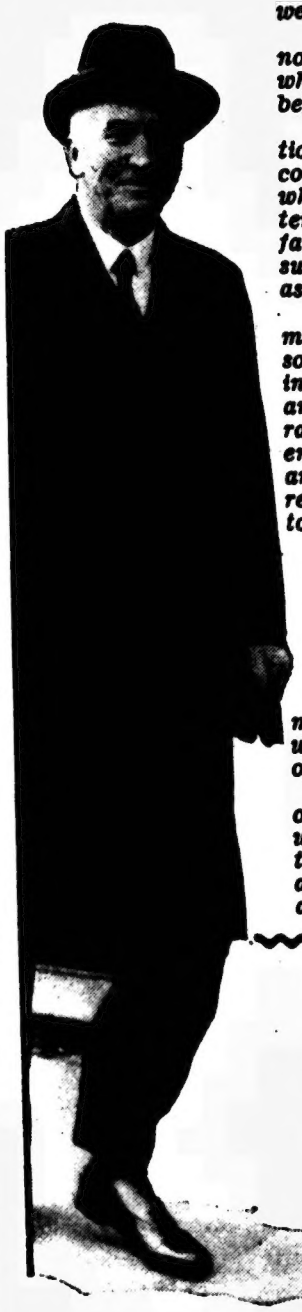
The scandal which makes this necessary is so great that in many industrial areas the amount provided by the ratepayers to relieve employers and insurance companies of their responsibilities is equal to a penny rate.

* * *

JOHN BULL has a *plan that will stop this rotten gamble with life and limb.*

It is to link up workmen's compensation with the social services of the State.

Great Britain is the only country in the world without State protection for the workman at his job. We need it at once.



As Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John Simon has millions in his care. A little more book-keeping wouldn't matter if millions of workers got the protection of a State compensation insurance scheme

IN the attic of Pear Tree House, Jordangate, Macclesfield, live Alfred Broomhead, his wife and twelve-year-old daughter.

They are paupers, wholly dependent on public funds.

When the rent of their one-room home is paid, they have about ninepence a day each on which to live.

The family's possessions are a bed, a table, three chairs, and an old, cheap watch which hangs from the mantelpiece.

Broomhead, at fifty-five, is a physical wreck. He counts his life in minutes. He knows that at any moment, after the smallest exertion, he may die.

Most of the twenty-four hours he spends in bed, but now and again his wife will help him downstairs into the yard.

The journey takes half an hour.

When she leaves him sitting in the sun she always kisses him; for she never knows whether that kiss will be good-bye, whether it will be the last time she sees him alive.

Yet, not long ago, the Broomheads were a happy, carefree family.

Formerly a non-commissioned officer in the Royal Engineers, Broomhead had never known a day's sickness in his life.

He was prospering as a plumber, and had a home as bright and cosy as that of any working man.

Then one day he was sent for by the Water Department of Macclesfield Corporation and asked to undertake a repair job at one of the council's houses.

He was on a step-ladder at work on a bathroom cistern when he fell unconscious, after receiving what he thought was a blow on the back of the head.

Actually, his neck had come in contact with a bare and live electric wire.

When he came to his senses and realised what had happened, he behaved with heroism.

He saw the danger to others, and although terribly injured, staggered and crawled through the streets to report to the authorities.

The first official he saw said it was not his concern, and told him to go to another department. Unaided, he did so.

But, after gasping out his message, he was allowed to leave without any offer of treatment or help.

Of course, the officials did not know how serious the accident had been.

Broomhead himself was not fully aware of it until the doctors came.

They found his neck in a "collar" of copper, and beneath it a hideous wound within an eighth of an inch of his spinal cord.

A brass tap, which he had been holding at the moment of the shock, had melted into the flesh at the base of his fingers.

Worse. The nerve tissues round the heart had been severed by the burning shock.

Broomhead had to be told that he was so maimed he could never work or attempt normal activity again without danger of instant death.

Macclesfield Town Council, it might be thought, would have been generous to the man who had been disabled for life in its service. Not so.

It repudiated all liability and refused to entertain, either on legal or compassionate grounds, any claim for compensation or damages.

Alfred Broomhead

Court proceedings against the Corporation began. But, almost on the eve of the trial, it was found that vital evidence from the tenant of the house where the accident happened was no longer available.

For that reason the action had to be stopped.

As only a technical weakness in the legal process had prevented Broomhead from obtaining recompense, it was believed that the council would now award him proper compensation as an act of grace.

Instead, without any warning, the Corporation put the bailiffs into his house to seize the contents!

Legal costs, the council said, had been incurred to the extent of £158 in preparing a defence against Broomhead's claim, and the bailiffs were acting on a warrant for the recovery of that amount.

Only one course was open to the martyred man—to file a petition in bankruptcy, naming the council as his creditor, and thus seek the protection of the court against the savage act of the civic authorities.

But a bankruptcy petition costs £10. All his savings had gone in paying for medical treatment and in the maintenance of his home. Broomhead didn't possess ten pence.

Relatives and friends hurriedly subscribed the money, some selling their possessions to do so. But it was no use.

Before any action could be taken the bailiffs emptied the home which Broomhead had furnished by years of toil and thrift.

He lay helpless on a couch as his belongings were carried away. They were taken to a salesroom and knocked down for a few pounds.

And that is the end of the story.

That is why Broomhead and his little family are living in an attic in Pear Tree House, Jordangate, Macclesfield.

That is why they are paupers, their only possessions a bed, table, three chairs and an old cheap watch that hangs from the mantelpiece.

Like thousands of others whose lives have been shattered while at work, Alfred Broomhead, ex-soldier and peace-time hero, sought simple justice—and it was denied him.

Forty People Share Haunted Ruins

ONE of the worst slums in England is hidden in a Warwickshire baronial hall, surrounded by a magnificent park, about six miles from Coventry.

For years five families have lived there in unbelievable squalor, with rats running wild, and bats swooping round them.

At night screeching owls keep them awake.

And they pay rent! No trifling nominal payment, but sums varying from 13s. to 18s. a week.

More than thirty children share this grotesque, nightmare existence, and for them there is the added terror of the legend that a ghost flits through the hall at night.

Near-by Bagington Castle, from which the hall takes its name, was excavated only a few years ago. Its history tapers into the dim, warring days of Richard II.

Ghost Walks

The story goes that a young and beautiful woman was murdered in the castle, and that ever since she has haunted the neighbourhood with her head tucked under her arm.

Bagington Hall, itself, is centuries old.

Nearly two hundred years ago it was ravaged by fire, and these amazing slum homes have been made in the ruins.

A JOHN BULL investigator, used to strange spectacles, could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw them.

Look at the pictures. Imagine these hovels, as appalling as the most terrible dens in any big town slum, planted right in the middle of rolling meadow land shadowed by stately elms.

It seems a fantastic illusion.

But it is terribly real.

Come into one of these "homes" for which 15s. a week plus rates is paid, and see for yourself.

There are four spaces called rooms.

Flimsy match-boarding makes shift for walls. The paper covering them is cockled with damp.

In places it hangs in rusted strips. Everywhere there are long brown stains where the water trickles down every time it rains.

Unsafe

Be careful! If you don't mind how you pick your way over the floorboards you'll wrench your ankle.

Some of those worn pieces of linoleum hide large holes.

What's that in the corner? A pipe to catch the rain?

No, no; it's a drainpipe all right, but it is used as a chimney for that ramshackle cooking stove.

The water taps? What luxuries you're looking for. There is one tap in the grounds and that serves the five families for all their needs.

Sculleries . . . pantries? Never heard of them here. Oh, they manage.

Food is kept in those tins and boxes you see over there.

Baths and lavatories? Now, you're getting far too particular.

There just aren't any baths, and the lavatories are primitive affairs without any water. You're in the country, you see.

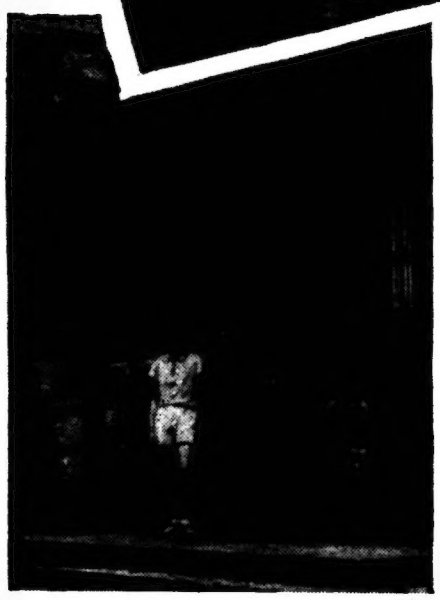
Don't be scared! That's only a rat.

He and scores like him are thoroughly annoyed at having their delightful old ruins invaded by human beings.

They are angrier still because all food is kept out of their way in tins and boxes. You can see where they have tried to get in.

Care-free, these children play ring-a-roses in the shadow of walls that may crumble and crush out their lives

This tap is the only water supply for forty people. Some families have to walk nearly 200 yards to reach it



Once upon a time Mrs. Pittam's home might have been a mansion, but she would willingly leave its crumbling magnificence for a little house that keeps out the rain

The bats and owls, too, feel that these people have no right here. They certainly don't intend to leave.

Every evening when dusk is closing in, the bats whirl round in a merry dance of defiance. Later on the rats and the owls join in.

They don't care two hoots for the ghost of the headless lady.

Probably their forefathers were there when Henry Bolingbroke lodged at the Castle the night before he rode out to the wager of battle with Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, on September 16, 1382.

You'll remember that Richard II stopped the tourney at the last moment and banished both the Dukes. Bolingbroke later returned to seize the throne and become Henry IV of England.

But that's a long time ago. Come along to the other burrows in this rickety warren where five husbands and wives and their thirty children live.

Rain-rotted

The same rain-rotted matchboard walls in all of them. No washing sinks, no drains, very little light and a musty damp smell everywhere.

Here and there is an odd cupboard.

Furniture looks patched-up and shabby. It isn't the fault of the people who own it. For one thing they haven't much money, but any furniture placed in these damp holes would soon look the same.

This woman has five young children. How can she look after them properly here?

One of her big worries is that they will scramble over the ruins, and she goes in daily dread that they will be hurt by falling pieces of stone.

They wander, too, into the deep dungeons and cells honeycombed beneath the crumbling walls of the hall.

Always there is the danger of one of them being attacked by rats. They are big rats and every day there seem to be more of them.

You probably wonder why these families go on living here in such conditions.

Houses are still difficult to obtain, and, like many similar families, they are glad to find anywhere to live.

Much more astonishing is the fact that the Warwick Rural District Council should have allowed them to live there all this time, and that the owner of the ruins should have accepted rent for such places.

He is Mr. E. Bowden, of Leamington, and whenever the question has been raised he has always contended that the ruins are historic and perfectly safe!

That does not excuse the attitude of the council.

Squalor

It is disgraceful that any public body should have allowed a slum of this kind to remain in their area for one day.

Apart from the disgusting, insanitary conditions, the whole place is a death-trap.

The gaunt walls of the ruins might collapse and bury the five homes at any moment.

As it is, big slabs of masonry often crash to the ground in a thundercloud of dust.

Recently, an inspector from the Ministry of Health did turn up. Slums are part of his every-day life, no doubt, but even he must have been shocked when he saw the squalor of Bagington Hall.

Anyway, an enquiry was quickly held by the District Council, and an application has now been made to the Ministry for a demolition order.

That is all very well, but the council should find new homes for these families without a moment's delay.

It is their bare duty to take them away at once.

Nor is that all. There must be a public enquiry to find out who has been responsible for allowing this grave scandal to continue for so long.

AND N

You have read ou page of the kin which far too ma to live to-day. A But dawn is break Bull" investigato to discover fro building experts workers what c homes of Bri expected in th years.

Contrast the with his composi

JACK and Jill are just a leggy youngsters to-da wearing his first long and she has her first sl ings.

But the next few years by, and soon they'll be putt heads together, not to plan but to plan a home.

And it will be a very diffe of home from those they liv —as different as the homes are from the mud and watt our ancestors.

Next week the Building E opens at Olympia, and its and models—not freak d futurist dreams, but pract positions—give you a glim the future.

Let's take a look at a typic 1950.

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But don't think that, livin these glass houses, your d teriors will be in full view of

These glass walls are as brick to outside view, and "shadow proof."

Glass Brick

Besides their light-admitti ties—and we are just beginni how important light is to h walls have many other adv

A single line of glass bric the heat and sound insulatio inch brick wall.

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Even if young Tommy's window it will bounce off, dow glass can now be ma plate."

They are damp-proof, r easily cleaned. When the o house wants smartening u done with a hose.

Steel, wood and rubber a materials in the 1950 home

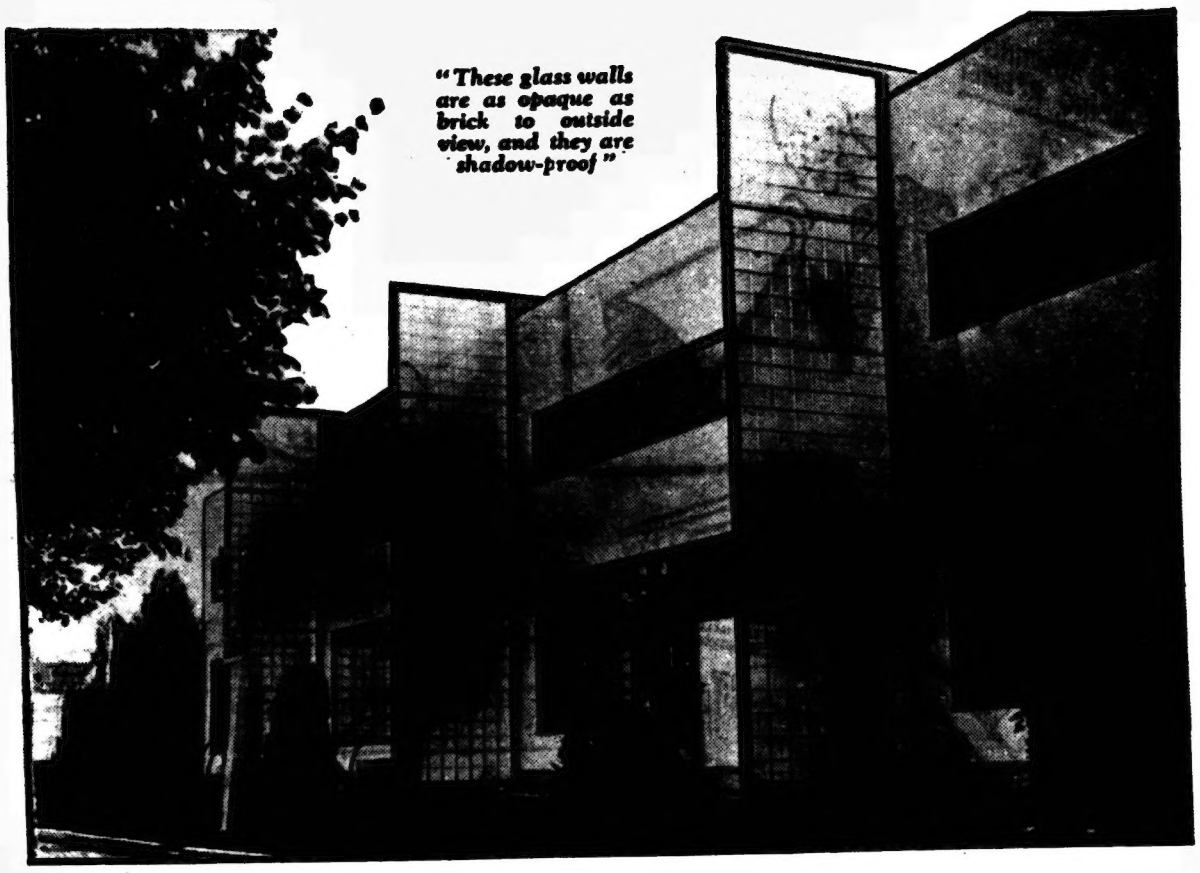
When Jack and Jill step front door—flush-fitting a

Write to "John B Abo

AND NOW—

You have read on the opposite page of the kind of home in which far too many people have to live to-day. A black picture! But dawn is breaking. A "John Bull" investigator was sent out to discover from architects, building experts and research workers what changes in the homes of Britain may be expected in the next twenty years.

Contrast the opposite page with his composite picture of—



"These glass walls are as opaque as brick to outside view, and they are shadow-proof"

THE HOUSE YOUR CHILD WILL LIVE IN

JACK and Jill are just a pair of leggy youngsters to-day. He's wearing his first long trousers and she has her first silk stockings.

But the next few years will flash by, and soon they'll be putting their heads together, not to plan mischief but to plan a home.

And it will be a very different kind of home from those they live in now—as different as the homes of to-day are from the mud and wattle huts of our ancestors.

Next week the Building Exhibition opens at Olympia, and its exhibits and models—not freak designs or futurist dreams, but practical propositions—give you a glimpse into the future.

Let's take a look at a typical home of 1950.

To begin with, it will probably—in a large number of instances—be *made of glass*.

Half a dozen of the biggest manufacturers in the world are showing walls built of semi-vacuum glass bricks which let in 80 per cent. of light.

But don't think that, living in one of these glass houses, your domestic interiors will be in full view of passers-by.

These glass walls are as opaque as brick to outside view, and they are "shadow proof."

Glass Bricks

Besides their light-admitting properties—and we are just beginning to realise how important light is to health—these walls have many other advantages.

A single line of glass bricks gives all the heat and sound insulation of a nine-inch brick wall.

They are immensely strong. People who live within them will be able to throw as many stones as they like.

Even if young Tommy's stone hits a window it will bounce off, because window glass can now be made "armour plate."

They are damp-proof, rot-proof and easily cleaned. When the outside of the house wants smartening up it can be done with a hose.

Steel, wood and rubber are other vital materials in the 1950 home.

When Jack and Jill step inside their front door—flush-fitting and made of gaily painted steel—they walk on "floating floors" made of plywoods mounted on rubber.

The rubber soundproofs the rooms from below, and is also vermin-proof.

Windows, unless the home is in the country, will not open to let in the dust, soot and noise of the city.

Ventilation will come from an air-conditioning apparatus built in with the house.

No more damply perspiring summer nights or freezing winters.

The whole room will belong to Mr. and Mrs. Jack and Jill—not the few feet round the fireside or the windows.

Homes, however, must always be considered in terms of the woman, of her work and her life in it.

What has Jill to expect and demand?

You will see *Her* side of the matter at the great Woman's Fair which will follow the Building Exhibition at Olympia in November.

But meanwhile the builders have a few samples of things to come.

For instance—the kitchen. Floor and walls are of the new plastics.

Kitchen Comforts

Latest magic out of the laboratories, these substances, made from coal tar and milk products, produce hard, shiny surfaces in any variety of shades.

They are dirt- and stain-proof. A damp cloth makes them as good as new.

In the corner of the kitchen will be a built-in cabinet of steel or plastics which holds everything—pots, pans, cutlery and crockery. And a refrigerator which contains the entire larder.

For a flat where the kitchen might also be the dining-room, part of the cabinet lets down to make a table and chairs.

The rest of the kitchen will be almost surgical in its cleanliness. The sink will be of stainless steel or metal alloy, far better than the old earthenware sinks, for crockery dropped neither breaks itself nor mars the enamel.

A standard fitment will be a small dish-washing machine and a "garbage disposer."

Even to-day the last can be bought for less than £10, and in a few years' time the cost will be halved.

Into the maw of the disposer Jill will scrape all the food debris, bones, potato peelings and messy scraps which at present have to go into dustbins.

She presses a switch and turns a water tap. A macerator starts up grinding the whole lot into liquid slush which is flushed down the drains.

Washing Made Easy

There is a "disposer" on the market now which will accept anything—even old tins, paper and rags. These machines are practically unbreakable and fit into a corner of the sink.

If Jill has a family and prefers to do washing at home, then there is a combination washing, drying and ironing machine available which occupies no more space than one of the kitchen cabinets of to-day.

Before another five years have gone by builders will be installing them in medium-class homes.

For these home laundries will cost no more in upkeep than the average wireless set.

Everything about the home will be easily run and cleaned, so that Jill can take advantage of that increasing leisure which modern industry is now bringing to all workers.

Experts in the building industry are also planning,—and *banking on*—flat dwelling groups as the new tendency.

Satellite townships will spring up some distance away from large centres, with all the advantages of air and light.

Each group of flats will have a central crèche for babies, and a wired-in sun roof or outside playfield for older children.

The flats will be "orientated" round these playfields so that Jill can keep an eye on the youngster without much trouble.

And now what about Jack, proud husband and father?

With its built-in furniture on the new "functional" designs, his living-room will be just as cosy, though more light, airy and hygienic than it is to-day.

For his entertainment he will have television "piped in" to the home.

New "co-axial cables," about as big as a gas-pipe, will do that job.

All he will need will be the receiver, and that, no doubt, will be "built in" like most of the other equipment in his home.

He will still like to be warm in winter, and if air-conditioning plant has not been installed there will be boiler-fed central heating.

No Stoking

But there will be no need to bother about endless stoking or perpetually relighting fires.

The furnace will be automatically fed from a magazine. All Jack will have to do is to keep the magazine charged—a once-a-week job.

Those new magazine-fed heaters can be seen to-day—or the electric kind, where a fan, blowing over heated wires, spreads warm air along the floors of a room.

All these and a hundred other little miracles will be commonplaces for Mr. and Mrs. Jack and Jill.

Science and invention have touched the building industry last of all, but they are now gathering terrific momentum.

And though it is human nature to think of the "good old times," go and see the beginning of the good new times.

You'll envy your children!

Write to "John Bull" About it

Queens of Beauty

TWELVE beautiful girls have just returned to their homes—as "Queens."

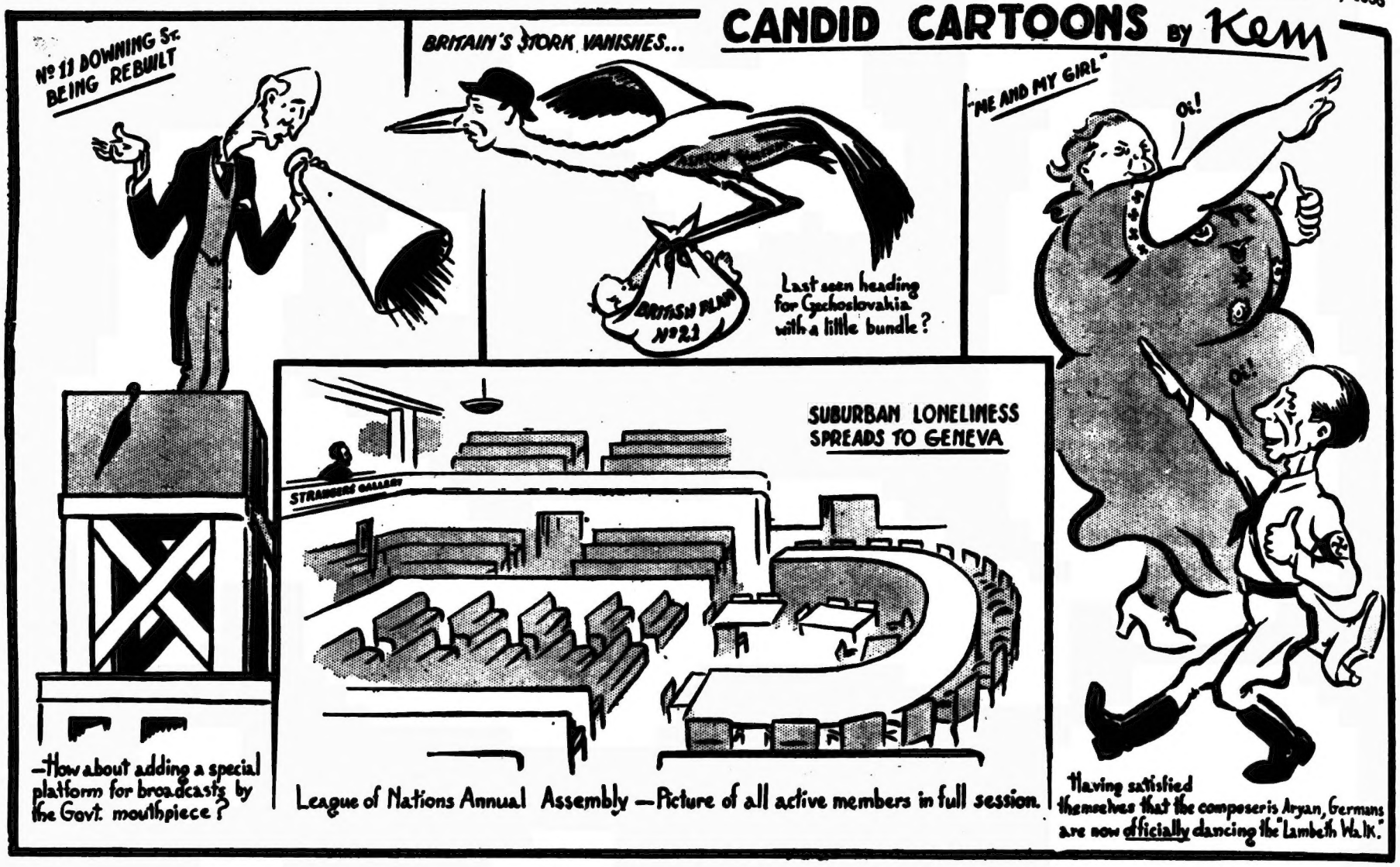
They are the successful entrants in a nation-wide competition to discover twelve "Queens of Loveliness" to represent British industries at the Woman's Fair and Exhibition, at Olympia, in November.

Each has been presented with an award of £50, a wardrobe of clothes and other gifts.

And each is hoping that she will be chosen as Olympia's "Queen Beautiful"—a title which carries with it an extra award of £250.

To-day these "Queens" are back at their jobs in mills, offices and factories, but they're counting the days until they begin to reign.

CANDID CARTOONS by Kem


No 11 DOWNING St. BEING REBUILT
—How about adding a special platform for broadcasts by the Govt. mouthpiece?
BRITAIN'S STORK VANISHES...
BRITISH PLANT No 21
Last seen heading for Czechoslovakia with a little bundle?
SUBURBAN LONELINESS SPREADS TO GENEVA
STRANGERS' GALLERY
League of Nations Annual Assembly—Picture of all active members in full session.
"ME AND MY GIRL"
Oi!
Oi!
Having satisfied themselves that the composer is Aryan, Germans are now officially dancing the "Lambeth Walk."

Open Letters

Lord RUSHCLIFFE, *Chairman, U.A.B.*

MY LORD,—In November there may be a march of the Welsh unemployed to Westminster, so bitter is the indignation at your refusal to revise the Board's regulations.

I do not favour unemployed marches. I should like, instead, to march you through South Wales.

Mr. James Griffiths, M.P., has declared that this vital area is becoming a vast cemetery. He's right.

Chief blame rests on the Government for failing to provide work. Equally plain is the duty, so long as unemployment is rife, to ease the distress that is driving thousands of families to despair.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. F. DEWIS, *Coventry Bench*

YOUR WORSHIP,—Are you surprised that cruelty to children is increasing?

A man ordered some boys to move from a rubbish tip. When they failed to do so he caught one of them—a child of seven—held him face downwards over the burning tip, rolled him in the hot ashes and put his foot on him to keep him there.

"Great provocation," you said, binding the man over.

I'm glad you didn't award him anything from the poor box.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LESLIE BURGIN, *Minister of Transport*

DEAR SIR,—"The accident was caused by the inadequate lighting on the Kingston by-pass."

So said a coroner's jury concerning the death of a woman who was knocked down by a car.

How many hundreds have been killed in the same way? How many hundreds sacrificed to bad road surfaces and dangerous corners?

You have been lying doggo on the loudly-heralded "Five-Year Road Plan" for a long, long while. Time you began to bark.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE, *Home Secretary*

DEAR SIR SAMUEL,—Please take action directly you receive the report of the Committee on Abortion which, after fifteen months, has completed the evidence.

The acquittal of Mr. Aleck Bourne, the surgeon, has done little to clarify the legal position.

But, if operations were permitted when there was reasonable certainty that serious disease would be transmitted or the mother's health endangered, there'd be a drastic decline in the 90,000 illegal operations which take place in a year.

It is a problem which must be met by courageous and immediate attention. Do not allow it to be shelved because it is difficult and unpleasant.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. "MIKE" MEHAN, *B.B.C. Producer*

DEAR MIKE,—It's too good to be true—this idea of taking the microphone into the streets to get the plain man's opinion of current topics for "In Town To-night."

Heavens, no censorship? Supposing he wanted to talk about the Means Test or the neglect of agriculture—what then?

If he could really speak his mind there'd be controversy, certainly, but also a welcome freshness in the B.B.C.'s air. Instead, I suppose, you will pick the topics for him.—JOHN BULL.

The CITY COUNCIL, *Sheffield*

DEAR SIRS,—Some of my Sheffield readers think you need business training. I think your short-sight demands more drastic measures.

They tell me that when a cinema was burned down you proposed to buy the site for £10,000. You haggled so long that the owners began to build a super-cinema.

Now you have decided to buy them out for £50,000 and pull down the new building.

No wonder Sheffield rates are 18s. 6d. in the £!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. PAUL BENNETT, *London Stipendiary*

DEAR SIR,—If people sneer at you for being "old-fashioned," they can include me in their taunts.

A girl of fifteen, accused of insulting behaviour, had been out at 12.40 in the morning with three men. She appeared in court thickly rouged and powdered.

You made her father take her home and wash her face before hearing the charge.

Good for you. I am incensed, not so much by that girl and others like her, as by their spineless parents. And in many cases I should like to put the father rather than the child in the dock.—JOHN BULL.

Sir RALPH WEDGWOOD, *General Manager, L.N.E.R.*

DEAR SIR RALPH,—Because he was only a temporary porter, a man killed by an express was not given the official booklet on signals.

Yet he had to attend both up and down platforms, and had only two minutes to cross the line from one to the other.

Temporary or not, employees should have their lives safeguarded. See that all who have to cross the track understand the signals!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. W. STANLEY SYKES, *Leeds*

DEAR DOCTOR,—We have all read with admiration how you and Dr. Reginald Lawrence half-strangled yourselves to test a new method of anæsthesia.

Natural breathing must have seemed very sweet on your recovery. And I draw a breath of relief because, since you were your own subjects, you disregarded Home Office regulations about killing experimental animals at the close of the session.

May your courage take us another stage in the conquest of suffering!—JOHN BULL.

JOHN ROOSEVELT, *U.S. President's Youngest Son*

DEAR JOHN,—Congratulations on pushing a truck round the bargain basement of a Boston shop and clocking in like any other employee.

My regret is that many young Britons, sons of men who hold high rank, are not doing likewise instead of idling away their time and patrimony on the dreary "pleasures" of Mayfair and the Riviera.—JOHN BULL.

Miss P. PADGHAM, *Lamberhurst, Kent*

DEAR MADAM,—If there is an older postwoman than you—sixty-seven—I shall be pleased to hear from her.

For twenty-one years you have walked fifty-four miles a week, getting up each morning at five o'clock to do so. And you're not afraid of unfriendly dogs!

Some people delight to lavish praise on film stars. I prefer to salute humble workers like yourself.—JOHN BULL.

Telegrams

MINISTERS FOR WAR AND AIR: Civilians engaged in Service camps complain to me of bad living conditions, broken wage agreements. Investigate!—JOHN BULL.

BOARD OF TRADE: Average subsidy on *every* German article exported is 20 per cent. What about those anti-dumping proposals?—JOHN BULL.

CAPT. H. F. CROOKSHANK: Before winter starts, speed up enquiry into tremendous difference between pithead and retail coal prices.—JOHN BULL.

A. G. GAR
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EUROPEA
SINCE 19

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He's On Holiday

Hannen Swaffer is on holiday in Denmark. His "New Who's Who" will be resumed in these pages next week.

A. G. GARDINER REVEALS THE REAL BACKGROUND OF THE GREATEST EUROPEAN DRAMA SINCE 1914

Will the gaiety of the free Czech nation be changed into the sadness of a subject race?

Is It CZECH-MATE?

WE must see this Czechoslovakian quarrel not as an isolated affair. We must see it in perspective.

If Czechoslovakia can be annexed, as Austria has been annexed, merely by the threat of the mailed fist, then the German domination of Europe is established.

The appetite for conquest grows by what it feeds on. It is hegemony of the Danube basin and the Balkans that is the goal to-day.

With that achieved, and with Hitler the dictator of Central and South-Eastern Europe from the Baltic to the Black Sea and the Eastern Mediterranean, the fate of the Western seaboard Powers will be sealed.

When Eastern Europe has been gobbled up, as the first phase of the Hitler programme, the way will be clear for the final settlement with France as foreshadowed in "Mein Kampf."

And not with France only. Behind France is the ultimate enemy.

For forty years, ever since the fall of Bismarck, world power has been the motive of German policy, and the overthrow of the British Empire has been the theme of countless propagandists from Treitschke to Bernhardi and Banse.

The frontal attack in the Great War failed for many reasons, mainly because of the British command of the sea. But with the astonishing revival of German military power under Hitler, the world-power motive has returned.

And as it returns, the reckoning with the British Empire becomes again the ultimate goal.

Hitler's approach to that goal is more discreet than the Kaiser's—necessarily so, for he has not yet the sea power required for a direct challenge.

His aim is to establish and consolidate German dominion over South-Eastern Europe to the Mediterranean.

Challenge to Empire

With that position gained, his power to strike at the life-line of the British system will be accomplished.

He has many advantages that the Kaiser had not. Austria is no longer an independent Power with a policy of its own. Hungary would seem to have decided that her safety lies on the side of Germany. Poland is hovering on the fence between Russia and Germany, with an inclination to the latter.

Through his alliance with Mussolini, Hitler already has the power to threaten our vital life-line in the Mediterranean.

That power is increased by the fact that Hitler and Mussolini are now entrenched in Spain, with Franco as their creature and with the Straits of Gibraltar vulnerable to attack from all sides.

There is another fact to bear in mind. The challenge to the British Empire does not come from Germany alone.

It is implicit in all the activities of Mussolini from Abyssinia to Spain, and in all the carnage that is making a shambles of China.

Indeed, it was Japan that struck the keynote of the attack when she invaded Manchuria, flouted the League, and put "power politics" in the saddle.

It is idle to shut our eyes to these things. Their meaning is blazoned in letters of blood from Spain to China.

They are all part of a terrific sequence of events that aim at banishing liberty from the earth and, incidentally, shattering the fabric of the British Empire, which, with all its faults, has been the standard-bearer of that liberty.

And it is idle, too, to pretend that we do not know in which camp Hitler is, or what his designs are.

He has declared them in his book, which is the Bible of the new pagan Germany, and he has never wavered from them.

Dust in our Eyes

While he was unarmed he threw dust in our eyes and soft words in our ears to allay our alarms.

He left, first, Japan, and then Italy to try the ice and make the pace in power politics while he built up the gigantic military machine which now threatens Europe with another and more dreadful world war.

He did this secretly while the world's fears were still unawakened.

Then he showed his teeth and began to put his policy into action.

He shook the dust of the League off his feet, formed his alliance with the other brigand Powers, trampled on the Peace Treaty, militarised the Rhineland, fomented the civil war in Spain, refused all approaches designed to establish a concerted European policy there or anywhere, and ravished the ancient Kingdom of Austria in a night.

This is the dark background against which we have to see the question of Czechoslovakia, and judge whether or not the fate that has befallen Austria is to be hers unchallenged.

Do not let us be hoodwinked by the outcry, organised by Goebbels through the spoon-fed German Press, against the grievances of the German minority.

There may be grievances, but we know they are nothing to those suffered at the hands of Mussolini by the German minority in the Trentino. If there are grievances, let them be dealt with by negotiation.

But we know that the grievances are only an excuse for the next great stroke in Hitler's programme.

It was not the "sufferings" of the Sudeten Deutsch which mobilised a million and a half of men in Germany.

The object of that mobilisation was to wipe Czechoslovakia off the map as Austria was wiped off a few months ago.

Is that a matter of indifference to us?

Not if we have any respect for the Peace Treaty, for which we were largely responsible.

By the Treaty the independence of the Czechs was established and guaranteed.

For three centuries, ever since the Thirty Years War, they had struggled to recover their freedom, and under the leadership of that great man Masaryk, and in virtue of the heroic service they performed for the Allies in the Great War, they achieved their goal.

And no article of the Peace Treaty has been more completely justified by experience. Czechoslovakia is the only State east of the Rhine where freedom and Parliamentary institutions, as we understand them, exist to-day.

Have we fallen so low that we can at the menace of force wash our hands of responsibility for a people whose independence we so largely created and guaranteed?

Might Not Right

But there is a still more searching question. If the background I have sketched in above is accurate, then the fate of Europe and of the British Empire itself is involved in that of Czechoslovakia.

If an armed aggressor, refusing all peaceful negotiation, can by the mere threat of force obliterate a sovereign State, then civilised Europe will have surrendered ignominiously to power politics.

In doing so, it may delay war. It will not avert war. That will inevitably come when the nations can bear no more.

But then it may come too late.

If war is to be averted, the stand for liberty must be made now, firmly, inflexibly, justly.

He's On Holiday

Hannen Swaffer is on holiday in Denmark. His "New Who's Who" will be resumed in these pages next week.

Fire in the Morning

SENSING something was wrong, a skilled worker in a Yorkshire town sprang from his bed.

Good heavens, it was 6 a.m.! And he was due to start work specially early that morning.

No time for anything but to wash, dress, shave and rush away.

And what drama he left behind him!

First a neighbour noticed that the lower floor of the house was ablaze and summoned the brigade.

The sleeping wife was just aroused in time, and had to flee for safety in her night attire.

Then there were the efforts of the firemen to get the blaze under control. Two rooms were wrecked before they succeeded.

The cost of replacing the personal possessions that were destroyed would absorb the entire wage-packet for months!

What a prospect for the husband on his return from work!

But, remembering that he had qualified for the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme by the simple act of signing a coupon, he wrote to us.

And, one morning, tearing open an envelope, he found our cheque compensating him for the damage.

Which is just one more of thousands of reasons why *you* should sign that coupon—it is on page 33 of this issue—at once.

And, by the way, readers will continue to enjoy the full protection of our great free family insurance gift while on holiday anywhere within the British Isles.

If a claim arises, they need only show that they bought JOHN BULL while away and that, before leaving home, they instructed the newsagent to resume delivery on their return.

Remember, page 33 *now*. Make the greatest investment of your life.

double your pleasure with..

PARK DRIVE

15 for 6d

10 FOR 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 FOR 2D

● *On the green Sussex Downs a "John Bull" investigator has seen for himself a . . .*

MIRACLE of MENDED LIVES

Tilling the soil gives new strength to men sapped by years of unemployment

Under their own fruit trees, tending their own stock, this family is independent once again

Straight from the slums of South Wales and Durham come men, women and children to live in homesteads such as these

IT was a newly built little house, one of a dozen or so fringing the road that ribbons across the Sussex Downs.

I turned in at the gate. Nobody about.

But at the back two children, brown as walnuts, were rolling in the grass with a couple of Spaniel puppies.

"Feyther's ower there," said the elder, pointing at two figures in the fields beyond the garden. "Mother, too."

And so, crossing over two or three acres of well-tended land, I had my first meeting with a "trainee" on the Sidlesham, near Chichester, estate of the Land Settlement Association.

I had come to see for myself just what progress had been made after three years in the great scheme, backed largely by Government money, for settling men from the Distressed Areas on the land and giving them a chance to build up new lives.

Each man takes over a house, and with it about five acres of land—the exact amount varying on the Association's twenty-five settlements.

The fixed equipment for each holding includes a heated greenhouse, modern piggery, and a poultry house fitted for the "battery laying" system and holding 250 hens.

All the holdings are grouped round a "central farm" where the Warden in charge of the settlement lives.

Here are packing sheds, where the settlers' produce is graded and sent to market; tractor ploughs and other heavy machinery, which are hired out to the settlers at so much an hour.

The Warden and his assistants are all experts in different branches of agriculture and stock-raising.

They advise the settlers and also arrange for the purchase of all seeds, tools and materials on a co-operative basis to secure the advantage of mass buying.

Similarly, they also control the marketing of produce.

EACH settler continues to draw the dole during his eighteen months' training, fifteen months of which are spent with his wife and family cultivating his own holding.

At the end of that time he comes "off the dole," for his holding is now presumed to be self-supporting.

He becomes a capitalist, paying £30-35 a year rent for his house, buildings and land, and is lent about £400 worth of poultry, pigs and equipment, of which £130 is written off as a gift.

That's a brief outline of the scheme. Let's see how it is working.

My first settler left no doubt about what he thought of its progress.

He showed me his hens, his two enormous Wessex sows and their thirty squealing youngsters.

He was justly proud of those pigs and, as he put it, "Two years ago I'd never seen a pig—except dead ones in a butcher's shop."

Two years ago he was living in Durham on Unemployment Assistance, an iron moulder who had been out of work for four years and with little hope of ever working again.

He showed me his greenhouse, out of which he had taken more than two tons of tomatoes this summer—his first year of working and without any previous experience of glass growing.

"They made 4d. a lb.," he said, "and that means £70 to the credit side of my account."

His strawberries had done well, too, in spite of the drought in those parts of Sussex. So had the lettuce and flowers.

This man and his family are due to become "tenants" in September.

They will leave the shelter of the dole and, with no more than the cash to their credit after fifteen months as trainees, their holding and stock, they will have to wrest their future out of the land.

"There is a serious proposition ahead of you," I said.

"ARE you going on with it, or are you going to give it up and go back to Durham, as quite a lot of the settlers have done?"

The wife answered.

"What? Back to 'Shiny Row'?" she asked sharply. "Not me!"

Her husband added more slowly: "I know it is not going to be easy, and it's a big risk to go on your own at forty-two, but I think there is a better living here for all of us, and I am going to have a go at it."

That is a fair picture, without gloss or overstatement, of the experience and attitude of one of the settlers under this experiment.

Yet on the same estate I spoke to another man, an ex-miner who was completing his first year's training period.

He could hardly wait for the day when he could go back home again, and complained bitterly that it was impossible for the majority of men to make a living out of the holdings.

He declared that some were debited with foodstuffs, equipment and stock at far above market prices, that crops into which much labour had gone were ploughed under by order of the wardens, and that he and many others had been supplied with diseased chickens and poor pigs.

I REMEMBERED my iron moulder to whom the thought of going back to "Shiny Row" was like death. And other settlers to whom I had spoken on other estates in Essex and elsewhere.

One, an ex-marine engine-fitter, had just turned down a £350-a-year offer to go back to the shipyards of the Tyne.

He took £120 worth of produce out of his holding last month. He said: "I'd rather be my own boss and take the chances of the land than go back to £7 a week with the risk of being out of work again in a year's time."

But, because the gist of the discontented settler's complaints is the same as dozens of letters which JOHN BULL has received from other ex-settlers, I decided to visit the headquarters of the Land Settlement Association and get the view of the director and his staff.

The director admitted readily enough that individual grievances had arisen and that from time to time mistakes had been made in organisation.

"But," he said, "what can you expect? This scheme began three years ago as a localised *experiment* only to see whether it *might* be possible to settle long-unemployed townsmen on the land.

"Yet in three years we have moved nearly 4,000 men, women and children on to 1,400 holdings all over the country.

"We have built houses and schools, driven roads, laid drains, lighting and water supplies.

"We have made endless experiments with stock—for example, we have reared more than half-a-million chicks.

"Of course, there have been grievances; of course, there have been mistakes. But there have been none we have not tried to remedy."

Again, the psychology of the settlers has provided endless problems, the director added.

The Association has to take a townsman and turn him into a countryman; a wage-earner and turn him into a capitalist; and a man with health and character sapped by years of unemployment and turn him into a healthy individual with initiative and a sense of responsibility.

HOW difficult this can be is proved by the fact that one-third of all the men who join the Settlements become "casualties."

About half this number give it up in their first three months——before their wives and families come down—and the rest during the first year.

During the first year the man is suspicious, quick to look for grievances, ready to blame, full of fears. He is a neurotic through long unemployment and semi-starvation.

And there have been faults on the other side, too.

With all its patience in dealing with difficult human material the Association has perhaps not taken the settlers sufficiently into its confidence in the past, particularly on matters of finance.

That, JOHN BULL is assured, is now altered.

Wardens have instructions to explain any and every point the men bring to them through their settlers' committees or otherwise.

THERE is still room on the settlements for another 600 men and their families.

The Association claims that its experience of the past three years proves that any man, prepared to work with good will and aptitude, can provide for himself and his family, and can escape for ever from the living death of the black areas into a new independence.

Write to "John Bull" About it

The demand for CAPSTAN increases daily.

CAPSTAN CIGARETTES

10 for 6D
20 for 11½D
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.6312.

Nice work...

..if you can get it

We have just sold our 500,000th set. Now there's nothing very marvellous about that. I imagine there are a number of set-makers whose total sales would makes ours look pretty ordinary. But it was a milestone to us—the sort of occasion when you take a breath and see if you're still on the right road. Well, we took our breath and had a look round and we felt we hadn't done badly. We've never set out to break speed records, never tried to see how many sets we could dispose of. We *did* set out to make sets that lasted and sets that showed some pride of manufacture; we set out to sell them only through dealers we could rely on to give good service; and to advertise them as fairly and honestly as we could. It has been an interesting and often exciting journey. We've picked up a few bouquets on the way and also stubbed our toe once or twice. And now off we go again towards our million, and I don't care how long we take to get there so long as we move on steadily and happily.

E. J. POWER,
Managing Director

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS AVAILABLE ON ALL MURPHY SETS

RADIOGRAMS FROM £20 · TELEVISION SETS FROM £30 · CONSOLES FROM £13.15

EVERY MURPHY SET HAS A HIGH EXPECTATION OF LIFE

All Murphy sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for a year. Prices do not apply in Eire.
C. R. Casson. 836

Nine years ago "John Bull" told how Mr. Burt found his daughter, whom he had sought for years. To-day the little girl in the picture is a woman

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS,

Chief of "John Bull's" Investigation Department, wants your help in the war against injustice and fraud. All information is treated with strict secrecy. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

A Husband tells the amazing story of how—

His Wife was Hidden for Twenty Years

A WIFE hidden from her husband for twenty years by the Board of Lunacy Control.

That's startling enough in free Britain. But there is an even more amazing sequel.

Mrs. Burt, the wife, has died in a mental home and the Board still refuses to give the husband any further details. All he knows is that she is dead. But, apparently, he is not even to be told where she is buried.

It is one of the strangest stories among the thousands which fill JOHN BULL'S dossiers.

Mr. A. J. Burt, a fruit farmer, of Montpelier, Park Gate, near Southampton, wrote the first page in 1929.

His pathetic, scarcely believable letter then revealed that he had been searching for his wife for eleven years.

* * *

All he knew was that she was in the secret custody of the Board of Lunacy Control. "In a mental home somewhere in England" was the only information he could drag out.

In 1918 Mrs. Burt had disappeared with her infant daughter.

She was convalescent after a fever following the birth of her child.

To this day Mr. Burt does not know what impelled her to leave home. In the light of after events he can only think that her illness had unhinged her mind.

When Mrs. Burt vanished the police helped in a country-wide search, but there was not the remotest clue.

* * *

Ten years later, and by sheer accident, Mr. Burt discovered that his wife had been sent to an asylum.

At first the Board of Control would not even admit this fact to him and, later, in letters refusing to say where and why she was confined, it declared that it knew nothing about the daughter.

This was nonsense, because it was subsequently found that, when Mrs. Burt was certified, a receiver was appointed to administer her private estate, and the Master in Lunacy made an order arranging for the child's education.

She was given an allowance of £120 a year.

Eventually, from a relative of his wife, Mr. Burt discovered the whereabouts of his daughter, Githa. She was at a boarding school in Somerset.

He went there at once, and found a pretty little girl of twelve—the child he had not seen since her babyhood.

When he could steady his voice he whispered: "Do you know where your mother is?"

"No," sobbed Githa. "Do you, daddy?"

He could only shake his head.

The joy in finding his daughter was soon marred by the realisation that he was denied any control of her affairs or future. He has only been allowed to see her at long intervals.

* * *

So this curious tragedy has stretched through the years, with the husband trying to break down the pitiless barricades of secrecy maintained by the Board of Lunacy Control.

On top of the thick dossier in this office lies his latest letter. It says:—

"I feel you would be interested to know that I understand my wife died on December 10.

"Beyond that I have no definite proof. I have not been informed how she died, where she died, or where she is buried.

"I feel I have good reason to believe that my wife was not visited by anybody the whole time she was in mental asylums, in any event not after the first month."

Attached to that letter is a note reporting that a member of my staff wrote to the Board of Lunacy Control asking if it would give him the information Mr. Burt wanted so desperately.

* * *

That was on August 12. The reply promised that enquiries would be made.

Three days later there was a telephone message saying the case could not be traced, and asking for further details.

When these were given it was stated a further search would be made.

But, so far, nothing has been heard.

Try Again, Mr. Hamilton Hargreaves!

THE last time I mentioned Hamilton-Hargreaves, then living at Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1, I handed him the prize for bare-faced impudence.

He deserves it.

Now identical circulars headed "Vocational Examinations" have reached me.

One is signed "A. Hamilton Hopkins, F.I.A.C., F.S.S., F.R.Econ.S., 433A, Rochester Way, Bexley Heath, Bexley, Kent," and the other "Miss F. E. Pinchon, 14, Florence Road, Ealing, London, W.5."

There is a Miss Pinchon at the address stated, but she is merely acting for "the gentleman who deals with the examination papers."

Mr. Hamilton Hopkins, you would imagine. Not a bit of it. The examiner is none other than our friend Hamilton Hargreaves!

He evidently enjoys playing hide-and-seek. So do I—that is, I revel in the seeking when the man who hides is a rogue like Mr. Hargreaves, whose real name, by the way, is Frank James White.

Many people have been duped by his correspondence course racket. The last big one was "Faculty of Criticism."

He admitted that more than three thousand people replied to his cunning advertisements.

This time, in his two disguises, he offers a two-guinea course and an opinion, "in confidence," as to whether you are likely to be able to earn money by writing.

"No promise of work to follow," he is careful to emphasise. His opinion of your abilities is not worth two half-pennies.

Mean frauds, false pretences and theft are some of the things for which he has been to prison.

Try again, Mr. Hargreaves, if you have any impudence left. But remember I'm a good seeker.

Hove is Second Hamelin

WANTED—a modern Pied Piper for Hove, Sussex.

The resort has a plague of rats, and although they are not doing all that was done by their ancestors in Hamelin Town, they are as big a nuisance and nearly as destructive.

This is the story: At the corner of Old Shoreham Road and Hangleton Road there used to be an old chalk pit.

It was quite a nice, inoffensive chalk pit until the Hove Town Council decided it should be filled in. This was done by dumping refuse.

As soon as these operations began, the near residents complained of the intolerable stench which came from the fast-growing dump.

Soon the rats appeared, and they multiplied with the astonishing rapidity of their kind.

Now there are hordes of them; scampering, chattering battalions.

Crowds collect to watch them at play; passing motorists stop in amazement. There is nothing like it anywhere else in Britain.

All this may be very spectacular, but it is an unhappy business for the people in the houses which border the kingdom of the rats.

Some are leaving the district, because their property has so depreciated in value.

Public Benefactor

Mr. A. G. Mulholland, of 9, Neilston Road, Paisley, Scotland, is awarded the £1 1s. this week for keenness in spotting a matter of considerable public interest.

Meanwhile the departments of the Medical Officer and the Surveyor at Hove Town Hall are reported to be:

"Daily and nightly taking every possible step to exterminate the unwelcome visitors at the earliest possible moment."

All very well to say that. But the rats refuse to be exterminated.

Professional rat catchers have been turned loose on the dump. Secret poisons have been spread out enticingly.

But still the rats are multiplying, and the dump is becoming so overcrowded that they are invading the houses and gardens in the vicinity. Doors and windows have to be kept locked.

Such a plague of vermin is a grave danger to public health.

Hove must wage war against it by every scientific and chemical method known until the last rat is dead.

FOR SMALL TRADERS. SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 asstd. articles, 10/-. 48 cups, scrs., 4/-. Glass & Hardware. Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, Burslem.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, London E.C.3.

EASY MONEY CAN BE EARNED SELLING DRAPERY. Send p.c. for Illus Wholesale Catlgs. —ARCHERS, 42/46, Castle Gate, Nottingham.

PROFITABLE Goods to sell, every kind. Easy terms Spare-time Agent and Shopkeeper. 144-page Catlg. free.—MAY (125), Birmingham.

QUICK Sellers for small retailers. Earn big profits. Ladies' and Gent's wear. Over 200 assted. lines. Catlg. FREE.—Nathan & Pensoff, Dept. J.B., 47, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

AGENTS Wtd. Estonian Xmas Club. Free Gift every Agent. Highest comm. No outlay. Choes., Fancy Goods, Drapery, Toys, Cigs., etc. Wires for Agents. Send for Catalogue and particss.—Eatons (Dept. "B.A."), Wortley, Leeds, 12.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS. Biggest commission. Handsome free Gift, Big Cash Prizes. Cat. free. —F. J. TATE, 36, Neville Street, Leeds, 1.

AGENTS WANTED in EVERY TOWN for "DOX" Self-polishing Cloths. Write, DOX, 8, Rockley Road, LONDON, W.14.

XMAS CLUBS. HIGHEST COMMISSION IN TRADE. Cadbury, Terry, Rowntree, Players, Wills, etc. Huge range Toys, Fancy Goods. Xmas GIFT every agent. BIG CASH BONUS. P.c. brings Wonderful Catalogue & Comm. Terms. —Midland Confectionery (Dept. 43), Shipley.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Famous "MISTLETOE" SERIES. Agents wanted, either sex. Biggest Commission offered. Also prizes. Book free.—OWENS, 6, Chapel St., Bradford.

A BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. REMARKABLE NOVELTIES AND CARDS OF EXTRAORDINARY VARIETY FOR ALL TASTES. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER-GETTER PUBLISHED. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES.—WRITE, STEWARTS, Dept. A., BALMORAL WORKS, BLACKBURN.

AN AMAZING FREE BOOK. AMBITIOUS Agents desiring a REALLY OUTSTANDING SAMPLE BOOK of Private Christmas Cards with HIGHER COMMISSION and BETTER PRIZES should write at once for the FAMOUS 1938 "VICTORIA" SERIES. A truly MARVELLOUS COLLECTION of DAINTY CARDS, SUPERB CALENDARS and ASTONISHING NOVELTIES. Obtainable ONLY from BRITAIN'S LARGEST XMAS CARD EXPERTS. Book free Carr paid. — JONES, WILLIAMS & CO. Dept. 63, VICTORIA WORKS, PRESTON.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS.—Send for super cat. Toys, Sweets, Jewell., Tob. Wines, etc. Free gift offer to all applicants.—Dept. A., WATSON, Cherry Row, Leeds, 9.

ACE CHRISTMAS CLUBS PAY BEST. Start One Now. Free Outfit yours by return. No outlay or obligation. Write AUSTIN DAVIS (B21), Regent Street, Sheffield, 1.

AGENTS Wanted. BIG PROFITS ASSURED by selling the World-Famous CASTLE Series Christmas Cards. Magnificent Book of COPYRIGHT Designs supplied FREE. Contains Exclusive Calendars, Greeting Cards, and "just that something new" which secures the orders. HIGHEST COMMISSION. VALUABLE FREE GIFTS.—Apply, CASTLE PUBLISHING CO., 1/50, Anchor Court, Preston.

A BAD PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARD SAMPLE BOOK bores customers! Great Britain's MOST SUCCESSFUL Publishers REQUIRE honest and enterprising AGENTS. We offer FREE and CARRIAGE PAID WORLD-FAMED "ORIENT" Sample Book of Exquisite COPYRIGHT GREETING CARDS; CALENDARS; delightful ANIMAL STUDIES; 52-PAGE ENGAGEMENT DIARY; BLOTTER BOOK; Dainty purse or POCKET DIARY; HAND-MADE STATIONERY; SCOTTISH, IRISH and RELIGIOUS DESIGNS; HIKERS' DESIGN, etc. Our 1938 NEW FEATURES put the book YEARS AHEAD of all competition. Will bring orders wherever shown. Whether an agent already or not, see this book before deciding! It will DOUBLE YOUR PROFITS! HIGHEST COMMISSION and PRIZES FOR ALL. HAMILTON'S, ORIENT WORKS, DEPT. 221, BLACKBURN.

A SOUND AGENCY. You want a sound way of making extra money. We offer you an Agency for the FAMOUS "CITY" PRIVATE CHRISTMAS Cards, GLORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL SAMPLE BOOK supplied FREE. Splendid COMMISSION and PRIZES. An agreeable and profitable job without outlay. Apply now.—THE PRIVATE XMAS CARD MFG. CO (Dept. 5) St. Simon Street, MANCHESTER, 3

"I DREAMT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS." the star of last year's Royal Academy, is one of the many exclusive features of the world-famed "Snowball" Christmas Card new productions. The "Snowball" always offers the public something different. Apply now for this amazing book. You will be thrilled by its 20 pages of Calendars and Cards. Etchings. Bookmarks, diaries and cut-out novelties. Our packet cards, too, are a revelation in values. Enrol now. Everything free.—M.F.A. Assn. Ltd., Dept. A., Ribble Bank Mills, Preston.

10/- IN EVERY £ COM. Agents wanted. Novelty Private Greeting Cards and Calendars of distinction. Make big money. No experience, either sex. Full instructions — The Sunshine Publishing Co., Dept 1, 5, Bayer Street, London, E.C.1.

AGENTS wanted to sell 3d. Credit Club Cards; liberal comm and bonuses; cash and free gifts weekly; postages paid; many earning £3 wk. Parties from Soccer King (Dept J.B.), Stadium Works, Wembley, Middlesex.

EMPLOYMENT.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—Men of good education required for enlistment and training as WIRELESS OPERATORS, ARMOURERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS and INSTRUMENT REPAIRERS. Age limits, 17½-26.—Write or call: R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Victory House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2; or any R.A.F. Recruiting Depot.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept (no experience required) Commencing £2 12s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE: 18s. per line of approximately six words. Minimum charge 30s.

ROYAL AIR FORCE APPRENTICESHIPS.—Vacancies for boys to be trained as Royal Air Force clerks will occur in October, 1938 and January, 1939. Candidates must possess an approved school certificate or be of an approximately equivalent educational standard. Age between 15½ years and 17½ years on October 1 or January 1. Entry by selection. Thorough training, normally for 18 months. Pay and prospects good.—Apply for A.M. Pamphlet 9 to Inspector of Recruiting, Royal Air Force, Victory House, Kingsway, LONDON, W.C.2.

AIR FORCE.—Young men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers etc: our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD. SHEFFIELD

POST OFFICE VACANCIES.—Both sexes—aged 15 to 23; no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept. 531), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

REPORTERS and Journalists are wanted all over the world. No apprenticeship. Our postal course is sufficient.—Dept. J.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

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PRYCE JONES give away 2000 RICH BEDSPREADS—absolutely FREE

POST PAID

2000, beautifully embroidered Bedspreads are being GIVEN AWAY, to introduce the wonderful Pryce Jones' Bargain Service to readers of "John Bull."

Here is the most magnificent Down Quilt you could wish to possess—a gorgeous looking Quilt of double bed size, 6 ft. x 5 ft. in rich, lustrous Rayon Taffeta, made with deep puffe panels to handsome design with two closely rouched corners, lovely scroll embroidery, and pretty motif in two colours. Extra deep and thick, with ample filling—of REAL FEATHERS thoroughly purified and well ventilated. You can get nothing like this quality in the ordinary way, yet Pryce Jones offer you this astounding Bargain at 18/11, and present quite free a rich Rayon Taffeta Bedspread, 86 x 96 in., in colour and embroidery to match the quilt.

The truth of this advertisement is guaranteed by the proprietors of "John Bull."

Send your coupon now. Be sure to mention colour required: Rose, Gold, Blue or Green.

USE THIS COUPON

I wish to take advantage of your special bargain offer, and enclose 3/- Postal Order, and agree to regularly pay 3/- monthly, and a final payment of 3/11 to complete the purchase price of 18/11. If not fully satisfied I will return the Quilt and Bedspread and you will refund my money in full. I am over 21 years of age.

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Get Pryce Jones' NEW 152 Page Catalogue. Crowded with money-saving Bargains. It's a wonderful book!

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WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 32, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

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GET a copy of Benson's Watch, Jewellery Catalogue, etc. For only 3/- down you can secure either a silver wrist watch or silver pocket watch. Fill in the coupon on page 29.

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NEW PORTABLE BUILDINGS, all shapes and sizes, in Deal, Cedar and Elm.—List (J.B.) Free —Alberts, 167, Brixton Hill, London.

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COLDS AND HEADACHES quickly relieved by Cephos, the Physician's Remedy. Recommended by Doctors and Nurses. In Powder or Tablets. Send p.c. for FREE SAMPLE. CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d. RANKIN & CO., Dept. "O," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

STOMACH TROUBLES AND SKIN DISEASES cured by Herbal Science. Norths "Herbis" Stomach Powder has definitely conquered Indigestion. Do not dread meal times. Send for this remedy now. Prices 1/3 and 3/- (plus 2d. and 3d. post). Norths "Heelit" Ointment is a new discovery and definitely cures. Deals effectively with Psoriasis, Eczema, Eruptions, Itch, etc., etc. Do not delay. Send now. Prices 1/3 and 3/- (plus 1½d. and 2½d. postage). Obtainable from Norths Dispensaries (Dept. 4), 18, Whitehouses, Mytholmroyd, Yorkshire.

FREE.—Send a p.c. for a liberal free trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription Lotion.—Write, mentioning John Bull, to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N 10), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4. See p. 33.

IF you endure the agonies of asthma and bronchitis, learn how instant relief can be yours by filling in the coupon in the Potter Clarke announcement on page 30 for a free copy of a special booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE!—Send a p.c. to Odol (Dept. J.B.25), Norwich, and a free trial sample of this famous dentifrice will be sent to you by return. See p. 22.

FREE.—Send for a sample of Hindes Hair Tint, stating shade required, to Hindes, Ltd., 6, Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and enclose 2d. stamps for postage. See page 28.

A SAMPLE tube of Euthymol Toothpaste will be sent to all readers who write to Dept 67, Euthymol, 80, Beak St., London, W.1. See p. 26.

Continuing *Sir Wyndham Childs' Dossier*

Beware of this Shopping Scheme

TRADESMEN in the Midlands and the North have been duped in one of the biggest fee-snatching bluffs ever attempted.

Behind it is Leonard Ballard and his wife, and D. T. Ballard, a brother.

They call themselves the Co-operative Retailers' Association, of Britannic Buildings, Fenwick Street, Liverpool, but a little while ago they used the name of the United Kingdom Retail Discount Company, Ltd., Leicester.

Membership fees have varied. Recently traders have been asked to pay £2 12s. a year.

For this they were promised that canvassers would call on householders and induce them to make their purchases from the shops of those members nearest to them.

The scheme also included a system of check books for recording sales on which a commission was to be paid to the funds of the Association.

In addition advertisements were taken for a shopping guide.

It was stated that different editions would be circulated in various areas, so that, if he wished, a particular tradesman could have a monopoly for his advertisement in one district.

For this the charge was £13. Otherwise the cost of the advertisement was £2 12s.

It all seemed a very attractive proposition, and some months ago members were quickly enrolled in the Liverpool district.

Soon, however, doubts arose. The flood of customers did not materialise.

Mr. Arthur J. Gorton, secretary of the Walton Chamber of Trade, made enquiries, and he could not find that a single canvasser had been at work—in his area, at all events.

Then he found that there was only one edition of the shopping guide. So that three funeral furnishers, who had paid the monopoly charge for their advertisements, all found their announcements in the same issue.

Next Mr. Gorton got in touch with tradesmen in Birmingham, Nottingham, Derby and Northampton. The trail of the whole ramp became clearly marked.

From all these places came evidence of the same bluff.

Mr. Gorton challenged the Ballards. He could get little satisfaction, and all his efforts to secure the return of cash paid by members have failed.

He went to the police only to find that the three people directing the Association had just kept within the law. That is where they are so clever.

I find that I issued a warning against Leonard Ballard in January, 1937, when he was trying to convince shopkeepers in Manchester that his United Kingdom Retail Discount Co. could help them to increase their takings.

He did this through a representative, and when a dentist who was in touch with me wrote to headquarters at Leicester complaining that promises made had not been carried out, he received an amazing reply.

Mr. Ballard, after a string of excuses, stated that the representative was not employed by his company on the date he obtained a deposit from the dentist!

I warn tradespeople throughout the country to be on their guard against the Ballards.

You Have Been Warned!

VEILED threats are being used by Habibullah Sahib, of Bombay, to try to make people over here buy a supposed charm for 30s.

Failing a reply to his first offer, he writes again saying that if remittance is not sent within two months the powers of the charm will be destroyed.

Then this: "Destroying the powers of the charm once kindled is the greatest insult to the deity, and will reflect very badly."

I am sending his literature to the India Office.

Meanwhile, if any of it reaches you, throw it away.

* * *

Chain Letters

ONCE again the chain letter lure is being dangled before you.

A number of readers have written to me about one of them, the Florin Profit Sharing Club, of Nasec Buildings, Manchester Street, Oldham.

You pay one shilling for membership and another shilling for goods listed on the back of a form on which it is explained how you can make £125 in thirty days.

IF—so many friends complete the sequence of chain letters.

It is a long road. You receive five forms which you have to send to five of your friends, and, in turn, they each receive five forms which they have to pass on to five friends—and so on.

Keep your money in your pocket.

* * *

Don't Try It

CHRISTMAS is coming, and H. B. Clare, of High Street, Watford, is anxious to show you how you can earn money at home by making toys for him.

An outfit and book of instructions are offered for 5s. 9d.

Seems as simple as sitting in a chair, but you will be much wiser not to try it.

Apart from anything else, amateur home workers could not possibly compete with established toy factories.

* * *

I.S.P. Again

PROSPECTUSES are dropping through letter-boxes all over the country offering sixty thousand ten-shilling Ordinary shares in I.S.P. (Bristol), Ltd., for the development of a football pools business started last year.

You'll remember my disclosures concerning this firm last season.

A Mr. Jackson, described as the fortunate winner of a large prize, was the brother of Mr. A. E. Chard, a director.

The careful investor should leave these shares alone.

False teeth ordered by post, sixty days' trial, and satisfaction guaranteed, is the ridiculous offer made by L. B. Heininger, of Chicago.

This enterprising concern is also anxious to buy old gold. It urges you "to gather up your gold and send it with your impression, even if it is only a small piece."

I hope no one will be so foolish.

Sheik with a £2,000 Nose!

JALAL QURAISHI, whose picture you see here, claims to be an Arab Sheik who holds the key to all the secrets of perfume blending.

Wide publicity was given to his statement that he had insured his sense of smell for £2,000.

He did not seem very anxious to talk about it, though, to one of my representatives.

In the end, after vaguely maintaining that he had taken out the insurance with Lloyd's, he said he had allowed the policy to lapse because it was too expensive at £50 a year.

He was also a little reticent about the sensational stories which have been published about his adventures on his 12,000 miles journey from Mecca.

According to these reports he was captured by bandits in Asia Minor, almost buried alive by mountains of sand, and chased by wolves in the Carpathian Mountains.

He admitted with an easy smile that "most of this was pure romance and fiction—in fact, just an advertising stunt."

Probably that is why some of the reports say that "the Sheik mutters in broken English," whereas he talked in perfect and polished English to my representative!

Life seems to be a great joke to this seller of scents.

Mr. McCune Offers "Security and Service"

NOT long ago it was the National Children's Relief Organisation—now it is the International Employment Bureaux.

But the man behind them is the same—James L. McCune.

At present he is operating his International Employment Bureaux from 776b, Christchurch Road, Boscombe, Hants.

His former charity venture was launched at a small office in Lower Regent Street, London.

Prompt exposure in "John Bull" frustrated his entirely unnecessary appeals, in which he attempted to exploit well-known theatrical personalities.

James McCune left his charity office with the landlord clamouring for rent, and his staff unpaid.

Yet "Security, Service and Satisfaction" is the slogan he has chosen for his employment scheme.

If he keeps to that slogan he must have turned over a new leaf.

Because his record does not inspire either "Security" or "Satisfaction." As for "Service," that remains to be proved.

What McCune is doing is to ask applicants for domestic situations to register with him, on a basis of fees in advance.

He says, in the letter accompanying the registration form, "I draw your attention to the fact that it cannot be expected of me to undertake these enquiries in advance without first being paid."

No one who knows him would expect that of James L. McCune.

Fees he demands are £1 on registration for a situation in England, and £5 5s. for a registration covering possible situations abroad, or in the British Dominions.

My advice is to have nothing whatever to do with James L. McCune and his International Employment Bureaux.

It's a Lottery!

LITERATURE advertising "Austrian Lottery" is being widely received over here.

Austrian section of the German Legation in London frown on it. They say promotions of this kind are very precarious in these days of fluctuating exchange rates.

Moreover, lotteries are against the Law in Britain.

I advise readers to have nothing to do with the offer.

FOOTBALL POOLS SENSATION!!!

GET YOUR STAKE MONEY FREE THIS YEAR!

Amazing CASH SAVING idea for every reader of this paper who smokes cigarettes. Wonderful NO-FRILL packing of popular cigarettes presents thousands with HARD CASH to pay their investments—to the tune of

2/1d EVERY WEEK! An extra TWO SHILLINGS and ONE PENNY—pressed into your palm every week—*free!*—to pay your football pool investments for you! Not a MAY-BE-WON prize but a WILL-BE-WON prize—yours for the asking—every week this winter! This is the biggest news in the history of the Pools—for EVERY Pools investor who is an average smoker!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO . . . Say you smoke 30 full-size cigarettes a day. (Most hard-working men do). You simply switch over to the new, full-size, mild, cool and refreshing PLUS TWO cigarettes, at 24 for 11½d.—as big and as good in every way as the best 'ten-for-sixpennies'★—and you will collect TWO shillings and ONE penny EXTRA cash, saved out of your cigarette money, at the end of *every* week.

Amazing—but it's TRUE—and no sensible man can ignore it. See for yourself HOW it works out—

SEE HOW YOU GET IT!

All this money saved on smoking—*without cutting down smoking!* Say you (or you and your wife together) smoke 30 full-size cigarettes a day—by switching to full-size PLUS TWO'S you save more than 2/- EVERY WEEK! Thousands of PLUS TWO SAVERS collect their money in a money box—or you could use an empty tin. See how the cash rolls in—

30 a day at 10 for 6d 210 cigarettes a week .	10/6
30 a day at 24 for 11½d, 12 for 6d, 6 for 3d 210 cigarettes a week . . .	8/5
PLUS TWO SAVING EVERY SATURDAY	2/1

★ **HOW WE CAN AFFORD TO DO IT:** Plus Two cigarettes are packed plainly, without expensive frills and wrappings. Thousands of smokers complained that 'you can't smoke wrappings.' Only because Godfrey Phillips have *cut out costly frills* in packing Plus Two's—and because they KNOW that a tremendous demand will be created—can they afford to give you 12 full-size standard cigarettes for the price of 10. When you open the big 11½d. packet, there are *four* extra full-size cigarettes waiting to be lit. Remember—only a *full-size* cigarette gives a *full-flavour* smoke.

FULL SIZE PLUS TWO

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD, LONDON, ENGLAND

12 for 6d **24 for 11½d** **6 for 3d**

ACT NOW! There will be tremendous demand for PLUS TWO'S at tobacconists everywhere, as thousands of clear-thinking men read this announcement. DO NOT RISK DISAPPOINTMENT—make sure of your first packet of Plus Two's at once. After two or three packets you will wonder why you ever wasted 2/1d. a week more on your smoking—money that might NOW be bringing you a fortune! Say 'PLUS TWO'S PLEASE.'

ALSO CORK TIPPED—BLUE BOXES

MURDER in the FOREST

"Thank God! Thank God, you've come."

ALTHOUGH it was only half-past five in the afternoon, dusk had already fallen over the Forest of Bennekom, in Holland.

That was why Johannes Ringers whistled.

The stout-hearted Dutchman wasn't exactly frightened to be walking the lonely paths of the gloomy pine-belt.

Still, Bennekom *was* the sort of place where almost anything might happen after nightfall. And the lively airs *did* have a reassuring sound about them.

He had just begun another tune when he was suddenly silenced by a blood-chilling scream:

"Help! Help! For God's sake! Help!" came the agonised cry of a woman.

For a moment, Johannes was frozen to the spot by the horror in her voice.

"Then where are you?" he shouted.

But there was no reply.

Several times more he called.

And still there was no answering cry.

Finally, subduing his own panic, he turned and ran into the undergrowth in the direction from which the scream had come.

Reaching a small clearing, he was astonished to find a hysterical, dishevelled woman staggering towards him:

"Thank God! Thank God!" was all she said.

Then she fell at his feet unconscious.

The methodical Dutchman did no more than glance at the torn clothing, and at the long, shallow knife gashes which covered her arms, neck and back, before trying to revive her by rubbing her wrists and slapping her face.

After a while, the mystery woman recovered sufficiently to stammer out her name—Katrina Boerwinkel.

SHE also moaned something about a friend, Wilhelmina Koperberg, and "that man with a knife!".

Then she fainted again!

Katrina Boerwinkel did not recover consciousness for another two hours.

When she did, she was in hospital, in the village of Ede, with the kindly-faced Jan Hulsman, Chief of Police, bending over her.

"You are quite safe now, Miss!" said Hulsman softly as her eyes flickered open. "Quite safe! I am a Police Officer.

"Try to compose yourself, as quickly as possible, and tell me of this friend of yours. Who is she? What is she? What has happened?"

The distraught girl stared vacantly at the Chief while he spoke. But, suddenly, grim memories came back to her.

"Oh, it was horrible!—horrible!" she sobbed. "That man! He's murdered Wilhelmina with a knife! First, he assaulted her! Then he stabbed her to death!

"And now he wants to kill me! Don't let him get at me! Please don't let him get me!"

EXPERIENCED though he was, it took the Chief of Police nearly two hours to calm her enough to tell the story coherently.

"Wilhelmina and I went for a walk in the forest this afternoon," she explained at last.

"When we were coming home, just before dusk, a terrible man jumped out from behind a tree.

"He had a piece of rag—like a spotted handkerchief—tied over his mouth, and he was holding an opened clasp-knife in his hand.

"He took all our money and then he made us go deeper into the forest with him. We tried to run away several times. But it was no use!

"He headed us off every time and kept pricking us with the knife to make us go the way he wanted. When we got to a place we didn't know, he...."

Again Katrina broke down. But, in reply to the Chief's patient questions, she managed to stammer out everything that had happened.

"But why didn't *you* run away, while all this was going on?" Hulsman asked at last.

"I couldn't! I couldn't!" the girl sobbed. "He threatened to kill Wilhelmina if I moved from the log where he made me sit.

"He stuck his knife in the ground near her head and said he'd cut her throat if I moved!

"After it was all over," she went on, "he said he'd have to kill us in case we went to the police.

"We begged him not to, and promised we wouldn't tell anyone what he'd done.

"But he didn't take the slightest notice! Suddenly, he started to stab and stab at poor Wilhelmina.

"I tried to stop him. But I couldn't!

"When she was quite still, he ran at me. I ran and ran. But he came after me, stabbing at me all the time.

"Finally, I managed to get away from him and hid under some bushes.

"He kept looking for me. And, once, he walked right past the place where I was hiding.

"Then I heard someone whistling. So I screamed for help!

"I didn't dare call out more than once. I was afraid that terrible man would find me first!"

Poor Katrina! Her horrible experience had unnerved her completely.

She hadn't the slightest recollection of what her assailant looked like!

And she didn't know where the murder had occurred!

One thing only she remembered. That was the appearance of the fatal knife!

"The handle was long and oval-shaped," she described. "And it had a bright, brass band around the top and the bottom. I could see it clearly while it was sticking up in the ground!"

It was then half an hour after midnight. But Jan Hulsman hurriedly organised a search party of ninety-five men with orders to comb the forest until they found the missing girl.

They found her just before dawn.

The knife had penetrated her heart no fewer than seven times!

UNFORTUNATELY, the amateur search party tramped over and over the murder scene before the Chief of Police could arrive.

They destroyed every vestige of the killer's footmarks!

And they all but destroyed every clue! The only things Jan Hulsman found were two fibres of homespun wool adhering to a protruding nail in the dead girl's right shoe; a single woollen fibre, such as is used in making stockings, lying on her right shoulder; and a small, dry twig which the killer's knife had struck and from which it had cut a tiny sliver of wood.

"I'm afraid we're going to have a hard job to find the killer," he confessed, later, to Officer Andreson.

"There's only one real clue—that woollen thread on the victim's right shoulder.

"Both girls were wearing silk stockings, so it couldn't have come from them. My guess is that the man must be a stocking weaver or something of the kind.

"BUT whoever he is, he must be a native of these parts.

"Three fairly busy roads converge just near where he intercepted those girls. If he'd driven them north, south or east, he must have struck one of those roads.

"But he didn't!

"He drove them due west into the thickest part of the forest.

"Evidently he must know the place. So he must have lived around here quite a while!"

Since there seemed little chance of identifying the killer, Chief of Police Hulsman ordered a complete check-up of all the villagers in Ede, Wageningen, Renkum, Bennekom and the surrounding hamlets.

He wanted to trace every man who had been anywhere near the forest on the afternoon of February 27, 1930.

In no time he found no fewer than thirty-five men had either walked or cycled through the forest that day.

But, because of the time element, or the perfection of their alibis, he had to release them all

All, that is, but one—Boer Praag.

Praag, a prosperous brickmaker, with a good reputation, from a hamlet near Renkum, claimed that he had ridden through the forest by the north path while on his way to inspect a newly completed house.

HOWEVER, Hulsman found that he had taken two and a quarter hours for a journey that should have occupied one hour at the most.

In addition, Praag's face and hands were badly scratched.

And the knife, which he was always known to carry, was missing.

On top of that, one of his neighbours said that he had burned a complete suit of clothes and underclothing on the night of the murder!

When Hulsman questioned him about these things, the brickmaker explained the scratches on his face and the length of time he had spent in the forest by saying that he had skidded, fallen from his machine, and been knocked unconscious.

Praag's wife partly bore him out in this because that was the tale he had told her on arriving home.

"But what about your knife?" Hulsman wanted to know. "And why did you burn all that clothing on the night of the 27th?"

"I lost my knife in the claypit on the 25th." Praag answered.

"And, as for the clothes, they were old ones which I'd been using to clean out some drains. They were dirty—and

(Continued on page 26.)

Continuing

MASTERPIECES OF DETECTION

Great New Series by

Louis C. S. Mansfield

Famous Private Detective and Author

Louis C. S. Mansfield

CLOSE TH NASTY SCH

Parents discover too late that their children's minds have been warped and that they have been turned into hooligans

IF your son came back from school uttering crude and foul blasphemies, you would try to discover how his young mind had been polluted.

And, if you found that his teachers, the men and women whom you trusted to make him a decent citizen, had taught him every obscenity he knew—You Would Want That School Closed Down.

Every normal parent in Britain would share your rage. The clamour would be heard from Land's End to John o' Groat's, and the breeding-ground of filth would soon be stamped out.

That is why JOHN BULL prints this article.

For we know of at least fifty schools in this country that ought to be closed.

They ought to be closed because their influence is evil.

Every day they are polluting youth, warping its mentality, turning out boys and girls who become social problems as soon as they enter the wider world.

Habits inbred by their earlier training make them anti-social and dangerous to all with whom they mix.

Co-education—the teaching of boys and girls together—can achieve fine results when used with care. But when this system is not used but abused the end is disastrous.

There is, for example, a co-educational private school near a South Coast resort where all the pupils are instructed in everything irreligious.

Blasphemy to these children means nothing. Because, in the entrance to the main room of the school there is a large mat with the emblem of the Cross woven into it.

Sacrilege

Round the Cross are the terrible words "We wipe our feet on Christ."

All the pupils, young and old, are taught to use the mat every time they enter the room, and as they do so they must repeat the words which surround the Cross.

Now, the principals of that school are quite entitled to hold or dispense with what beliefs they like. So, too, are the parents who pay for their children to attend.

Yet, in the public interest, stern objection must be taken to this kind of juvenile instruction.

The revelation that such a school exists will be a shock to millions of people. It should be closed at once.

At a public meeting in London recently, a headmaster described the methods adopted at a well-known co-educational school in the provinces, which caters for boys and girls from infancy to adolescence.

The children are given complete freedom, and can do almost anything they wish.

Nudism

They indulge in nudism and mix without control. There is no reticence on sex matters.

After making frank admissions on the question of children and sex, the headmaster explained the effects of his teaching.

He declared—to loud applause—that the results were highly satisfactory, as all the children soon learned to detest their parents.

They came to regard all mothers and fathers—particularly fathers — as dull-witted tyrants of the worst kind.

Further, he claimed that all children who had been under his care for some time were definitely anti-Christian, and capable of resisting any repression, legal or otherwise.

Now the headmaster and most of the teachers in this obnoxious establishment are active members of an organisation which aims at a kind of social reform.

One object of the society is the abolition of all forms of censorship on the stage, in films and in books. The society also advocates the repeal of the Blasphemy Laws.

Evil Theories

The trend of its operations can be gathered from a report which has reached JOHN BULL of a lecture to members by a well-known medical man. Teachers from many co-educational private schools were present to hear the doctor's speech.

He put forward a plea for sex freedom among all grades of people, and even declared that, in his opinion, children from the age of ten upwards should be instructed in birth control.

Family life to this doctor was anathema. "There is nothing worse," he said, and added that, if he could have had the choice, he would never have picked his own parents.

It is such pernicious theories as these which principals, masters and mistresses at a variety of co-educational schools in this country are absorbing and eagerly passing on to their pupils.

Of course, it is true that many of the leaders of the co-educational system would never tolerate for a moment the abuses which exist in a selection of these so-called "schools."

Poisoned minds

The harm that is done in poisoning young and receptive minds cannot be over-estimated.

Another grave danger is the fact that some of the worst features of untrammelled co-education have enthusiastic support from pseudo-medical circles devoted to psychology and psycho-analysis.

In certain schools psycho-analysis and hypnotism play an important part in the "training" of pupils.

Children have repressions and complexes explained to them until they absorb the idea that they should, *and must*, give free rein to their impulses.

Investigation reveals that, in many cases, the children come from homes where the parents are estranged.

But there are also examples of normal, happy parents who have been misled by the fine equipment and beautiful surroundings of the schools.

Most of them have splendid and expensive settings and wealthy parents are impressed.

Expensive Fees

They send their children in good faith—and pay heavily for so doing—but they have no idea how their sons and daughters are being warped.

They learn the truth when the damage has been is too late.

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damage has been done—when it is too late.

Here is an example of what happens to children brought up under co-education doctrines of freedom and self-indulgence.

Lately a youth and a girl were found touring the eastern counties on foot, living like tramps. Both were under twenty.

They came from a co-educational school of the dubious kind, and immediately on leaving formed their irregular companionship, the germ of which had been sown at the school.

Deliberately they cut themselves off from their relatives and went on the road together.

They had, they said, a mission to preach the benefits of co-education, and revolutionary political thought, in the villages of England.

So, wherever they could, they were addressing gatherings of country children—spreading the poison which had been instilled into them.

A strange and unorthodox educational enterprise of a different category was the subject of a recent JOHN BULL investigation.

There had been a serious scandal and complaints had been made to the police of two counties.

Really, the place is not a school at all, but a country house reformatory for abnormal children.

At the time of our enquiry twenty youths, the sons of rich parents, were living in an old and dilapidated farmhouse.

All had committed some kind of misconduct. They had been expelled from public schools or sent down from universities because they were rebels against morality and manners.

Most of them had been sent to the farm on the recommendation of medical men to whom their parents had gone for advice.

"Here"—in the words of the senior tutor — "we give them the opportunity of discovering their true, inner selves."

That was the kind of rubbish talked by the staff of this profitable educational business.

While at the farm the boys were allowed to do as they liked.

One of them would persist in sleeping in his clothes. So he was allowed to sleep in them—in a hut, like a pigsty, apart from the main building.

"He-men"

There were boys who believed they were "He-men" of the films. They had impulses to break up everything within reach and attacked each other.

But there was one thing they had to do—and that was all the work of the farm.

They made their own electric light. They looked after the stock. They built a chemical laboratory.

One lad spent his time making the soap for domestic use; boiling the fats in a washhouse cauldron.

Another, who had a fox-hunting craze, lived in a stable alongside a horse, and passed hours polishing a set of stirrup-irons to silver brilliance.

But trouble arose when these abnormal youths wandered loose in the neighbouring township.

Girls Insulted

Constant reports were made by women and girls of annoyance and insult.

At last the local parish council held a full-dress discussion to find what could be done to restrain their undesirable young neighbours.

It was then alleged that an attractive young married woman had been assaulted and that girls had been molested at the river bathing-pool.

Indignation was high. One councillor declared that the farm was just a home for worthless young men and that it was a scandal they should be allowed to use the town without proper supervision.

Eventually a letter was sent to the principal of the farm reformatory, protesting that "such conduct should go on within the boundaries of the parish."

A letter was also sent to the district police superintendent, asking for increased protection to "prevent further trouble in the neighbourhood."

Now that farm reformatory for abnormal young men may be an excellent educational endeavour.

But the history of it proves what unsavoury difficulties arise when discipline does not exist.

For a time the women and girls of the village were terror-stricken. They were afraid to go out alone, even on summer nights, because the "lads from the school" were roaming free.

Publicans and shopkeepers were intimidated by bands of the young ruffians, who, supposedly, were being reformed.

Until the police took special measures, the men of the village formed a protection squad.

Well, that's the kind of thing that can happen under theories on "advanced education."

Right to Progress

The authorities of this particular school were attempting to deal with problem pupils and they hoped that their methods would prove successful.

Indeed, they proved that in some instances the results justified the methods.

Yet, in our opinion, it would be safer if their system was investigated.

No one denies education's right to progress—there are scores of schools which have broken new ground in training youth with admirable results—but it should not be possible for children to come under influences that are an outrage to public policy and a violation of decency.

At present anyone can start a private school without control, without any guarantee that it will conform to reasonable standards.

We have a Board of Education, with machinery and men enough to make every school sa for the youth it trains.

The Board must be given a new charter of power.

Then, and then only, will these fifty nasty schools, where blasphemy and indecency are taught in childhood to the men and women of to-morrow, be closed down and their doors shut for ever.

. . On Stony Ground

"Children, left to themselves, no more become civilised adults than fields left alone become gardens."—Mr. Rex Knight of Aberdeen University, at the Conference of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

"With his elbows on his knees, he drew his thick fingers slowly down either side of his face . . ."

My Strangest Experience

First of a thrilling new series, specially written for "John Bull," in which famous writers will tell real-life adventures that eclipse the wildest fancies of fiction.

No. 1
She Loved a Killer
by Dr. Harold Dearden

The well-known author, psychologist, and criminologist.

AS I left the dark bulk of the prison behind me on that gusty February evening, it wasn't pleasant to think that in less than twenty-four hours the man to whom I had just said "good-bye" would be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

Yet I could not pretend that my depression was in any way due to sympathy for the man himself. His crime had been too brutal for that.

He had broken into a suburban house for the purpose of burglary.

Its occupants were two elderly ladies, and one of them, hearing a noise, left her room and came face to face with him.

She did no more, the moment she set eyes on him, than rush back into her room and lock the door. She was too terrified even to raise an alarm.

So the burglar could easily have escaped.

But he had come for booty and he meant to have it.

He forced his way into the room, and so savagely attacked the two helpless women that one of them died from her injuries.

I WAS well aware beforehand, therefore, of the type of man I was to meet. But his inhumanity during our interview exceeded my anticipations.

He was sitting on the side of the bed with his head in his hands when I entered the cell with the prison surgeon.

In response to my greeting, he just glanced up sullenly and touched my outstretched hand with an enormous paw.

He was a stocky, bull-necked young fellow, with a shock of black curls over a low forehead. Every line of his body, from his heavy, firmly set shoulders to the immense thighs which bulged under his tightly stretched grey flannel trousers, was evidence of boundless strength and vitality.

He was good-looking, too, in a heavy, animal sort of way. But I was not left long in doubt as to his nature.

I was there, I told him, on behalf of the girl who, a few days previously, had become the mother of his child.

"What business is that of yours?" he interrupted gruffly.

I explained that a lady—a patient of mine—had interested herself in the girl and asked me to take charge of her. She was now in a nursing home and seriously ill.

Her grief for him and the anxiety inseparable from her future, unmarried as she was and without resources, were bad enough.

But the fact that she had received no word from him since his trial had distressed her beyond measure.

She was in no fit state to support that added strain; if it persisted she would probably have a complete mental breakdown.

"I'm sure," I said, "that now you know how much it may mean to her you'll write her at least a line or two of the sort you know she would like to receive. I have a letter with me here which she asked me to give you."

I took the bulky, ill-written envelope from my pocket and held it out to him. He made no move to take it. I put it down on the bed beside him.

"I hope you'll not disappoint her," I continued. "She's begged to be allowed to visit you herself. But she has been, and still is, so seriously ill that we have had to keep her continuously in bed. She cries for you from morning until night."

"Why don't you tell her to leave me alone?"

"Don't take it like that. You'd be sorry for her, I'm certain, if you could see her."

He made no reply.

With his elbows on his knees, he drew his thick fingers slowly, and it seemed cautiously, down each side of his face from the level of his ears to the angle of his heavy jaw. He repeated this movement two or three times, opening and closing his mouth as he did so.

It occurred to me that a tooth might be hurting him. I felt reluctant to worry him further, but I could not resist making a final effort.

"If you don't feel inclined to write a letter," I said, "would you care to send her a message?

"I shall be going on to visit her as soon as I leave here. If I could tell her that you asked me to give her your love it would cheer her up immensely."

"AND a fat lot of good it would do me, wouldn't it?" he shouted angrily.

He sprang from the bed, and then stood staring, with his back towards me, through the high barred window at the patch of dull sky beyond.

He thrust his hands deep into his trouser pockets and gave a little shiver.

I glanced at the prison surgeon. He shrugged his shoulders and made a significant gesture with his head towards the door. I took the hint.

When I said "good-bye," the murderer neither spoke nor moved. I left him staring fixedly at that square patch of sky.

As I walked with my companion down the long, bleak corridor I commented, somewhat bitterly I am afraid, on the almost unbelievable callousness of the man we had just left.

"He's a pretty tough customer," said the surgeon tolerantly. "You caught him on a bad day, too. He's having trouble with his teeth."

"I thought there was something of that sort the matter with him."

"There was a good deal of tenderness and inflammation down both sides of his face when I examined him this morning, but he flatly refuses to have anything done about it. There's one thing: he won't have to put up with it for long, poor devil."

"To-morrow morning, isn't it?"

The surgeon nodded.

"Eight o'clock."

It was of those last grim words that I was thinking, much more than of the man to whom they referred with such sinister significance, when I reached the nursing home.

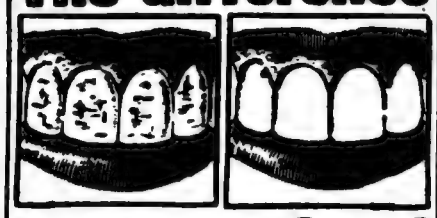
I had spoken no more than the truth in saying that the girl I was about to see was on the verge of a mental breakdown.

Though I had successfully concealed from her the date fixed for the execution, I dreaded what might happen when I told her, as I should soon be forced to do, that it had actually taken place.

She was still confidently hoping for a

(Continued on page 24)

The difference



between Good Teeth and Bad

is less than 1/1000th of an inch of enamel!

Startling, but true! And once this thin film of enamel at the gum line is worn away decay germs enter easily. Yet tooth-pastes which contain gritty ingredients actually help to wear this enamel away!

Make sure *your* tooth-paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists say is the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day or send 1d. Postcard for free sample to Odol (Dept. J.B.25). Norwich. Put both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present paste seems the least bit gritty don't take chances any longer. It is because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

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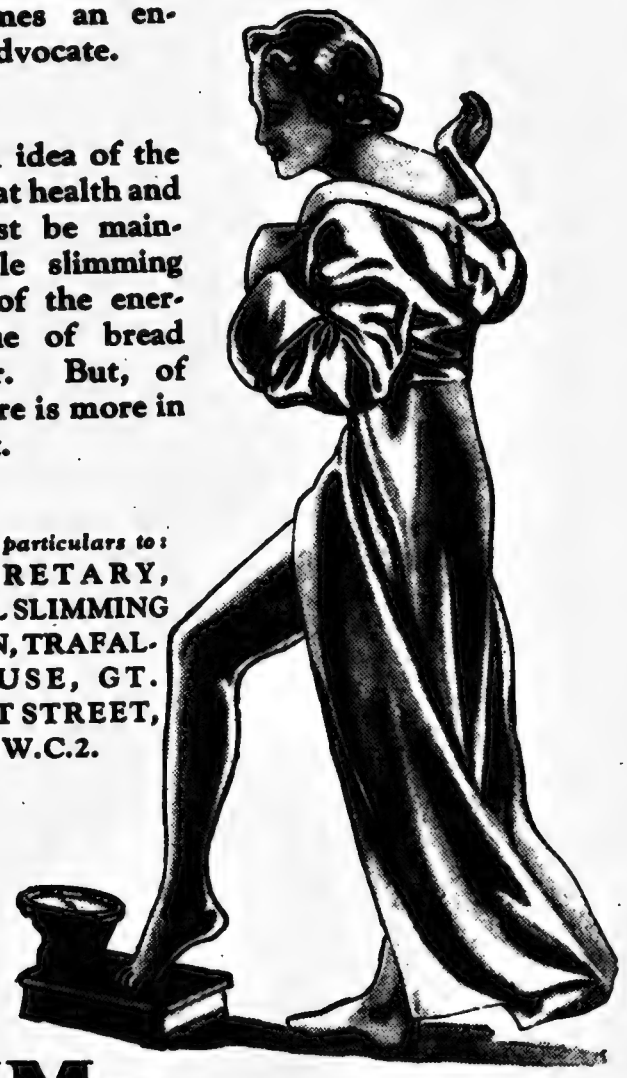

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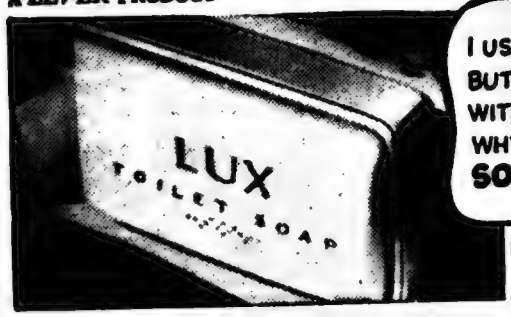
Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove make-up *thoroughly*. Its PENETRATING lather removes every trace of dirt, stale powder and rouge from the pores.

Use this gentle soap before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed. 9 out of 10 lovely film stars use Lux Toilet Soap!

IRENE DUNNE (COLUMBIA) says

I USE POWDER AND MAKE-UP BUT I'M TAKING NO CHANCES WITH COSMETIC SKIN. THAT'S WHY I USE **LUX TOILET SOAP** FAITHFULLY!



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P.139

She Loved a Killer

continued from page 22

reprieve, which I knew had been refused. It would be both cruel and ill-advised to leave her too long in suspense.

I attached little or no importance to the lack of success of my recent interview. I was bitterly disappointed, but I was determined that my patient should not be.

I hoped to find her asleep, for she had been dangerously restless and excitable since the birth of her child, and I had been doing my best to quieten her with full doses of sedatives.

Instead, she was wide awake and obviously waiting for me.

She started up in bed as soon as she caught sight of me.

"Have you seen him?"

"I've just come from there."

"DID he say anything about writing to me?"

"Yes, he asked me to explain to you about that. He really can't bring himself to write just now, much as he'd like to. He said he was sure you'd understand and not worry.

"I was to tell you he thinks of you all the time, and he sent his love and a kiss to you and baby."

"How awful it must be for him."

Her mouth trembled a little; her eyes, dark pools against the pallor of her face, were swiftly brightened with unshed tears.

She was a lovely creature, little more than a child, and with her Baby nestling snugly in her arms she made a singularly touching picture.

She was silent for a moment or two, and I could not help thinking how much better it would have been if she had stayed where she was born, on her father's farm in Wales, and married some simple, decent fellow from among the country folk to whom she belonged. Then:

"He isn't hurt or ill or anything, is he?" she asked anxiously.

"No," I said, "he's quite all right."

But her question had startled me a little. Her words, no less than the tone in which they were spoken, seemed to suggest she had some definite reason for wishing to be reassured on the point.

"WHY do you ask?" I murmured.

"I have a feeling, that's all. It came over me this morning as soon as I woke up. I suppose it's only because he's so terribly unhappy."

"We're all apt to get those uncomfortable feelings when we're depressed or out of sorts. You're not very strong yet, you know. That's all it is."

"Oh, no," she said quietly. "They mean much more than that with me. I should know at once if there was anything really wrong with him. My mother was the same. It runs in our family."

"What does?" I asked with a smile.

"Knowing things like that about people we love.

"I remember once, when I was quite a little girl, I was helping mother to wash up the breakfast things, when all of a sudden she gave a sort of gasp and put her hand to her side as though she had a terrible pain there.

"'Something's happened to your father,' she said, and she ran straight out of the house with the dish cloth in her hand.

"I ran out after her and we were just in time to see them carrying father out of the pen where the bull was.

"He'd been gored in the side and he very nearly died. My mother knew exactly when it happened, you see."

I made some suitable comment on this anecdote, but I was not impressed by it. I had heard many similar stories in the past, and I had always felt that they were nothing but examples of coincidence.

STILL, I welcomed this particular account, and made much of it, for it gave me an opportunity to lead my patient away from the grim realities of the present into that world of happy memories which enclosed her childhood.

When I left her she was more quietly cheerful than I had seen her for a long time. I ordered her sleeping draught to be repeated and arranged to visit her again at about ten o'clock on the following morning.

It was my intention then, if she was awake and in a suitable frame of mind, to break the news to her of what would already have taken place.

But I was forced to return to the nursing home much earlier than I had anticipated owing to trouble with another patient.

On the landing outside his room I found the night nurse waiting for me.

"How's my other patient?" I asked. "She was sleeping beautifully when I went in to her a few minutes before you came."

The night nurse lowered her voice. "It's this morning, isn't it?" she added meaningly.

I NODDED.

"Poor child."

"I may as well take a look at her now I'm here," I said.

We entered her room as silently as we could. She was obviously in a deep sleep, and in the soft light from the lamp beside her bed she looked more like a lovely gipsy child than ever.

I watched her for a moment or two and then turned to go. As I did so I heard her give a strangled scream, and there was the sound of a movement in the bed behind me.

I swung round swiftly. She was sitting bolt upright, and her two hands were raised as though to guard her face.

"Don't! Don't!" she cried shrilly. "You're hurting me! Don't!"

She stared for an instant wildly in front of her, her face a mask of terror and pain. Then she slumped back suddenly into unconsciousness again.

I glanced at my watch. It was just eight o'clock.

"Greatest of These . . ."

Peter

MRS. NOLAN, of Hull, has an ex-Serviceman husband, who has not been able to work since 1933. He has heart disease and it is unlikely that he will ever be able to work again.

Their son Peter aged thirteen, has been in bed for the last nine months with tuberculosis, and the doctor can hold out no hope of his recovery.

This tragic family has to exist on 34s. from the Public Assistance Committee and 10s. National Health Insurance. With two invalids on her hands, it is impossible for Mrs. Nolan to earn anything.

We are sure readers will give that help.

Donations should be earmarked "Peter," and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. They will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Not from the B.B.C.

Silence in Suburbia

How I sorrow for the suburbs
And those sad suburban wives,
Friendless 'midst unfriendly neighbours,
Leading drab and dreary lives!
Most attractive look their villas,
And their gardens good to see,
Yet behind the aspidistra
Lurks the ghost of tragedy!

Nothing happens in the suburbs;
No one ever says "Good-day"
To the isolated units
In the house across the way;
Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Jenkins
Hurry by with eyes congealed,
Silent in a world of silence,
With their lips for ever sealed!

IF you think the picture exaggerated, you can't have read what I've read lately.

Indeed, there is something bounderish about the way the suburbs have been butting into the news as if they were the equals of Mayfair and Deauville.

First they attracted attention in an unladylike manner when a medical person discoursed on "suburban neurosis." And now they come pushing themselves forward again.

This time we have the Rev. L. G. Appleton, vicar of St. Paul's, Harringay, assuring us that "There is no social life in a place like Harringay," and that unhappiness due to isolation is "widespread over London."

Well, all I can say is that in my own, my native suburb, a pantechnicon is no sooner sighted than we get busy taking an inventory of its contents—though, of course, in a genteel manner.

Can it be that nobody ever borrows a lawn-mower in Harringay? And does no lady ever feel moved to ask another for the address of the artist who supplied her semi-perm?

If so, the vicar is out to end this. "A little gossip," he observes, "doesn't do anyone any harm."

So he is launching a get-together scheme to break down the silence of the lonely suburban wives.

May I, then, express the hope that he has a fine day for it—and that he won't feel too sorry if he succeeds?

Hear the prattle of the belles—
Wedded belles!
How through happy Harringay
their vocalism swells
As they chatter, chatter, chatter,
Ev'ry day and half the night!
What they're saying doesn't matter!
If they only make a clatter
'Twill the vicar much delight!
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
As each the latest rumour to a breathless neighbour tells;
And the suburb, 'midst their clamour,
Is invested with a glamour
By the prattling and the rattling
of the belles! Y. Z.

Next Week:

Leslie Storm, famous woman novelist, will describe her strangest experience

John's big surprise

You've been doing something to this room. What is it? I've never seen it looking so merry and bright.
Can't you see, John? Why it's the brass! I unearthed it this morning, and Brasso did the rest in no time!
You've no idea how easy it is. There's nothing like brass for making a room look gay and cosy.

BRASSO

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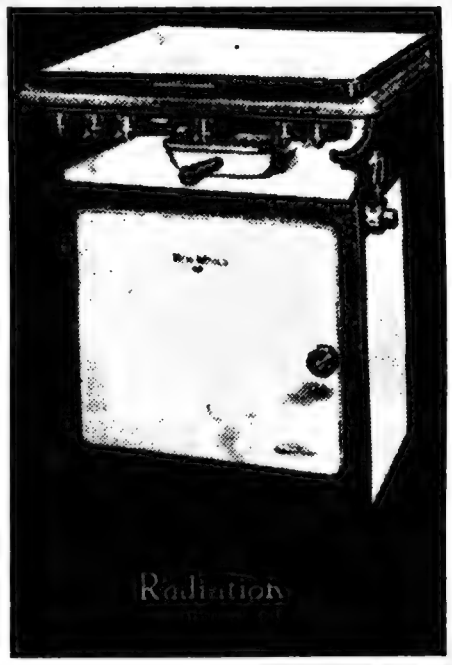
"Don't be a slave to your cooker," says Mr. Therm, "let my flexible flame set you free!"



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John Bull

Be a Great Man!

A GREAT thinker once said: "What I must do is all that concerns me, not what people think."

This rule may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness.

It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know your duty better than you know it.

"It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

Now all that this implies may not be apparent at first sight. Let us look a little deeper. For if you are really going to be true to yourself, if you are going to do what you must and think as you must without fear or favour, you must cease to fear changing your mind.

That is a bogy that terrifies many, since to change your mind often seems like weakness to those who don't know what made you do it.

What is there weak about bringing up yesterday to face the judgment of to-day? What is there weak about refusing to live chained to the past and insisting on being alive in the present?

On the contrary, to say "I was wrong yesterday because I have learned something new to-day that has caused me to revise my ideas" is an attitude of mind only possible for those who possess considerable mental and spiritual strength.

Unless you live *and learn*, you are not really living.

If you learn, you must of necessity be continually revising your ideas and your judgments.

Never mind what others think.

Do your own thinking and test yesterday's thoughts by to-day's facts.

Far too many people work the other way round. That's why they sink into a mental quagmire.

Intellectual honesty is all too rare a virtue. Cultivate it at all costs.

Continuing from p. 19

MURDER in the FOREST

very smelly. So I dumped them in the incinerator!"

The man gave his answers so convincingly that Hulsman was inclined to believe him.

However, the brickmaker was unable to locate the spot in the forest where he claimed he had fallen from his machine.

And, though the Chief of Police examined his bicycle minutely, he could find no trace of any scratches or abrasions which he would expect to have been caused by such a tumble.

Nevertheless, he was still inclined to believe in the man's innocence.

But the rest of the Police Department wasn't!

So Praag went on trial for murder, was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment!

Jan Hulsman should have been satisfied with that. He should have gone happily about his normal police duties.

But he didn't!

Somehow or other, he couldn't get away from the feeling that Praag was not the murderer!

"Boer Praag is a reputable man with a clean record and I can't help thinking he didn't do it!" he exclaimed to Officers Andreson and Koen while discussing the case after the trial.

"And then there's that stocking fibre! If that girl had been assaulted by a brickmaker you'd expect to find brick clay and dust on her clothing.

"But we didn't find a trace of it. All we found was that fibre—and that fibre suggests a weaver. Not a brickmaker!"

In the weeks that followed Hulsman kept probing at the Koperberg case.

He circulated appeals asking anyone and everyone who had been near the forest to tell him what they knew!

BUT he got no new evidence.

Then, one day, Mrs. Jacoba Ockerson, his own next-door neighbour, dropped in to see him.

"I don't know whether it's of any interest," she began, "but I saw Jan Hoek cycle out of the forest, just after six, on February 27.

"I thought I'd better let you know in case he had seen anything that might be of use to you."

"Hoek? Hoek?" questioned Hulsman. "Who is he?"

"He lives down at the other end of the town," answered Mrs. Ockerson. "He weaves stockings for a living."

"He does what?" shouted the excited Chief of Police.

"He weaves stockings," said the neighbour again. "He buys the thread from a wholesaler and weaves it into woollen stockings to sell to the villagers around here!"

"So that's what he does!" Hulsman murmured. "I think I'll go and see Mynheer Hoek!"

But the stocking weaver had a ready alibi.

"I didn't come forward because I hadn't seen anyone or anything, and I didn't want to get involved in a murder case!" he said calmly. "I'd been out delivering stockings to customers in Wageningen and Renkum during the afternoon. And I got back to Ede just after six."

"And you're sure you didn't see anyone at all?"

"No, I didn't. But wait a minute. Yes! I did! I cycled through by the north road, and I saw two men at work on that new house near the main road. In fact, I waved to them as I went by."

"Thank you, Mynheer," said the detective. "And now, before you go, I want you to give Officer Koen a complete list of the names and addresses of everyone you called on."

When the man had returned home Hulsman called Koen into his office.

"Go and see everyone of those customers!" he ordered. "Find out what time Hoek called at each place and what time he left.

"Particularly, find out what time he left the last person's place. Call at that building also, and see if the workmen recall having seen him ride by!"

With Koen out of the way, he ordered Andreson to take a squad of men and start checking up on Hoek in the vicinity of his home.

"Find out if any of the neighbours noticed anything strange about him on February 27," he said. "And ask if anyone noticed him burning any clothing!"

NEXT day Officer Koen turned in his report.

"I saw everyone on Hoek's list," he said. "He left the last person's place, Mrs. Kok's, at twenty-five minutes to four, in Renkum, and started to ride home *by the south road*!

"It's only a thirty-minute ride from Hoek's to Kok's. So he was in the forest two hours longer than he should have been!

"When I questioned him about it he said he had to replace a leaky valve rubber on his cycle.

"What about those workmen?" demanded Hulsman.

"They remember seeing him all right," Koen answered. "But it wasn't on the 27th! *It was on the 26th!* They finished the place completely on the evening of the 26th and they haven't been back since!"

On the top of this came Andreson's report.

"Nico Koerts, Hoek's next-door neighbour, says that Hoek had a roaring fire in his kitchen on the night of the 27th," he said.

"And he said it smelled as if some woollen material was burning. The smell of it penetrated Koert's house."

"GOOD!" congratulated Hulsman. "Now find out where the Hoeks dump their ashes and sift it for any sign of cloth or buttons!"

Taking two other detectives with him, the Chief of Police searched Hoek's house from top to bottom.

In a dish under the kitchen sink he found a set of woollen underwear which had been recently washed.

However, the washing hadn't removed a mass of ominous, reddish stains which spread over the material.

And in the knife-box he located a sharp clasp knife which had bright brass bands at the top and the bottom of the handle.

He took possession of these and left.

Shortly afterwards Officer Andreson came to him with a scrap of burned trouser leg.

"Look, Chief," he exclaimed excitedly. "This came from the Hoeks' ashheap. And the material is perfectly new!"

With the scrap of trouser leg, the knife and the underwear, Hulsman retired to his laboratory. He also took the valves from Hoek's bicycle.

It did not take him long to prove that the stains on the trousers were those of human blood—human blood which belonged to the same group as that of the dead girl.

The scrap of trouser leg also was impregnated with blood of the same group.

And when he forced out the rivets which held the knife blade in the handle he found more of it!

Better still, he discovered some threads of material which had come from Wilhelmina Koperberg's dress!

THE cycle valves also helped to incriminate Hoek.

The rubber on them was so old that it was stuck to the steel of the valve. Neither of them had been replaced for months and months!

With all this evidence against the passion-killer, Hulsman hardly needed to bother about proving that the two fibres found on Wilhelmina Koperberg's shoe had come from the same material as the burned scrap of trouser leg.

Or that the man's knife was the only one which could have made that curiously shaped cut on the fallen twig.

Or that the stocking fibre was of the same type as that habitually used by Hoek in his business.

But he did!

And the Dutch courts accepted his evidence!

In July, 1930, Praag was granted a retrial and immediately acquitted!

In August Hoek was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment!

And all because of a single stocking fibre!

Next Week:

ANOTHER MASTERPIECE OF DETECTION

Of course I take a laxative

IT'S MY GOLDEN RULE OF HEALTH!

Why 'give in' to the troublesome ailments of middle-life when Beechams Pills will keep you perfectly well? In the pure vegetable-laxative action of this world-famed family medicine lies the secret of health and happiness for millions of women all over the world. Start a course of Beechams Pills to-day. You can get them everywhere.

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WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

RHEUMATISM

and 'Middle-age Spread' ended

Even misfortune sometimes leaves an after-current of good. Certainly it did in the case of Mrs. C., of North Edmonton, London, who shared the fate of so many middle-aged people by falling a victim to Rheumatism. Already she had been putting on weight, and her friends were teasing her about "middle-age spread." But now she surprised everybody—including herself. In taking Fynnon Salt for the Rheumatism she found, to her joy, that the surplus fat was disappearing along with the pains and stiffness! "Already," she says in a grateful letter, "I hardly feel anything of the Rheumatism, and I have lost 4 inches off the hips!"

More surprised than anybody was her husband, who was also seriously over weight. But let his wife continue. "My husband had no faith in the treatment when I started it. But seeing the difference in me, he also began taking Fynnon Salt. His weight was 18 stone 5 lbs. then. Already he has lost 9½ lbs., and hopes to get down to 14 stone. We use a 1/3 tin a fortnight between us, and I feel it is money well spent.

All one need add is that Fynnon Salt is a combination of those wonderful "Salts of the Earth"—Sodium, Potassium, and the elements of Lithium—found in celebrated Spa waters. One teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water first thing every morning is Nature's own prescription for trim, supple health at any age. Large tins 1/3 from all chemists.

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When I was rising twenty-one
My dad he said to me
If you just stick to beer, my son,
You'll keep as fit as me!

And his advice, though now I'm old
Is still on me impressed—
And I myself have often told
My sons that 'Beer is Best'

STICK TO BEER

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CROSSWORD No. 125.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS

ON pages 26 and 27 is presented the 125th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit. M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, October 6, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with your entry the Gift Voucher on page 27. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the lump sum of £2,500 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

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RHEUMATISM & BAD CIRCULATION

Stated to be incurable, Miss Sharp, Appley Bridge, Wigan, writes:—

"I suffered two years from Rheumatism and Bad Circulation and could not walk or sleep. My finger ends used to go dead. I had no use in my limbs and was stated to be incurable. I took Vitadatio, and after three doses felt the circulation moving and now, after 10 bottles, I can walk and do my own work."

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From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. Write for FREE BOOK

IT'S A SIN TO TELL A LIE...

But There are Two Kinds of Liar

A GIRL of nineteen left home to get a job as a domestic servant in London.

The family was badly hit by unemployment and the girl's idea was to do something to help.

At first she was very good indeed. She wrote letters to her mother every week and generally sent a postal order—the money she had to spare when she had paid for her lodgings.

But the letters suddenly stopped coming, and so did the money.

I think I had better quote the story which a neighbour sent me last week:—

"After a while I wrote to the girl's landlady and received a reply to the effect that she had left her situation and was living a very loose and immoral life.

"Not believing this, I wrote to the landlady's husband, and received the same information. Meanwhile the mother was eagerly awaiting some news.

"I wrote again, telling the landlady to speak to the girl and get her to write to her mother.

She refused to listen to the landlady and left.

"At present we do not know her whereabouts at all.

"The landlady, a good sort, writes to the mother every week giving her 'news' of her daughter.

"Now my problem is this: The mother cannot read or write. In fact, it is I who do all the reading and writing for her.

"I have suppressed the news of her daughter's misdeeds and make up letters for her benefit. Am I right in doing this?

"Should I tell her the truth or not?"

On the evidence contained in the letter it seems that the landlady in London is uttering false statements in writing, and the neighbour who reads the statements is a partner in the fraud.

TECHNICALLY, they are both guilty of deceiving the mother, and I suppose many people would say that their conduct is sinful in the sight of heaven.

But to my way of thinking, every action must be judged in the light of the motive which inspires it. In this case the motive is excellent: it is to save the mother from breaking her heart over a daughter who has gone astray.

Such "lies" are about as near to white as any lies can be. I am certain that they are easily pardonable. The two culprits, although guilty, will be recommended to mercy.

But the story cannot be left there. The pretence cannot be kept up for long.

Sooner or later, the mother must suspect the truth, and she may be angry with the two people who have been deceiving her.

One hopes that the girl will give up the sort of life she is leading and go back to honest work. That she will once more write to her mother and make an occasional contribution to the family purse.

Her lapse may be forgotten and forgiven.

It is not yet too late.

But if she does not retrieve herself quickly the truth must be told and her mother will be frantic with grief.

Perhaps the girl may read this and decide to do the right thing.

I sincerely hope she will. And I shall be grateful if she will write and tell me so.

IN a letter which a father has written to me another sort of "white lie" is mentioned.

He is greatly perturbed because his little son, aged eight, has suddenly begun telling what the writer describes as "whoppers."

The boy has always been truthful until now. There is no reason for his changed behaviour.

"He came home," writes the father, "with the news that he was top of the class and was going to have a prize. We were all naturally very pleased with him.

"But the prize did not materialise. When I spoke to his teacher about it she was astonished and told me that Bert was nearer the bottom than the top of his class.

"Another time he told us that a man had taken him for a lovely ride in his car. We were nervous about this, but found out later that there was not a word of truth in it.

"So far we have not punished him for lying. His mother can't bear the idea.

"But we are both very worried, and should be thankful if you could tell us how to handle him."

Not much new in this story.

A great many young boys and girls begin this sort of "fibbing" about that age.

It is not serious and there is no cause for anxiety.

The fact is that the child discovers the possibilities of imagination. He finds that his fancy has wings and he cannot resist the opportunity of trying them.

Really, he is like the man who writes fiction.

In the case of Bert, since he is low down in the class, he is probably trying to pretend that he is much more important than he feels.

He wants to be impressive, to attract attention to himself.

And, at that age, he is not keenly conscious of the difference between fact and fiction.

The dotted line that separates reality from daydreams grows a trifle faint.

But it is only a passing phase. There is no reason that he will develop into a systematic liar.

I guess that many of my readers, even the most respectable, can recall with amusement some of the "awful whoppers" they told in early days.

MANY people who write to me complain about the "black lies" which others tell.

A woman assures me that she can't believe a word her husband says, and therefore, not unnaturally, she suspects the worst.

"He comes home late at night," she writes, "and tells me he has been to see his sister. I know for a fact that he has never been near her.

"It is somebody else's sister he has been seeing.

"Another time he says he has been playing darts at the local pub.; but he wasn't there, because I asked the landlord.

"What can I do with a man who won't speak the truth? I'm sure I do all I can to keep his home nice.

"He has everything he wants. He takes 12s. a week for himself for cigarettes and fares, and then goes wasting good money on good-for-nothing women.

"But he never owns up to anything. Only tells me black lies about what he's been doing."

Now, lies seem at their blackest when made by one partner in marriage to the other.

Yet they may be designed to prevent worry. Only those made with the object of disguising treachery merit unqualified condemnation.

I CAN sympathise with any wife whose husband is playing fast and loose with other women, but it is hard to believe that a man can get into very much mischief on 2s. a day, less fares and cigarettes.

The writer is worrying herself with needless suspicions.

If a man does not speak the truth about what he has been doing at nights there may be half a dozen reasons.

He may have a guilty secret to conceal; he may be trying to avoid a scene about something fairly harmless; he may do it because he resents being cross-examined every time he returns.

He may do it because, like a small boy, he enjoys "making it up"; he may even enjoy appearing "a devil of a fellow" when he is nothing of the sort.

But I don't think a lie should be considered altogether black unless it is told for the deliberate purpose of inflicting pain on an innocent victim.

Such a lie is unpardonable, and such a liar deserves no mercy.

"Humanist"

invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

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TWO MINUTES, PLEASE—

F	A		E

Which letter would you decide on to fill the empty space above and thus form an apt answer to the Clue, "Young film-star thinks hers is lovely"? Two minutes will be enough to weigh up the problem and decide.

Now turn to pages 36 and 37 and use the same common-sense reasoning with all the Clues for JOHN BULL's great Autumn Crossword. Your colossal reward in this unparalleled offer of Prizes and Free Gifts may well be £6 Weekly for Life and £1,000 cash.

How to Banish that Tired Feeling

If a day's work or shopping has left you tired out, here's the way to get right in a few minutes.

Drop an 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablet in a glass of water and drink it as soon as it's stopped fizzing. 'Alka-Seltzer' is wonderful when you're tired or out of sorts. It makes the worst headache go in a few minutes.

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Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. If not fully satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

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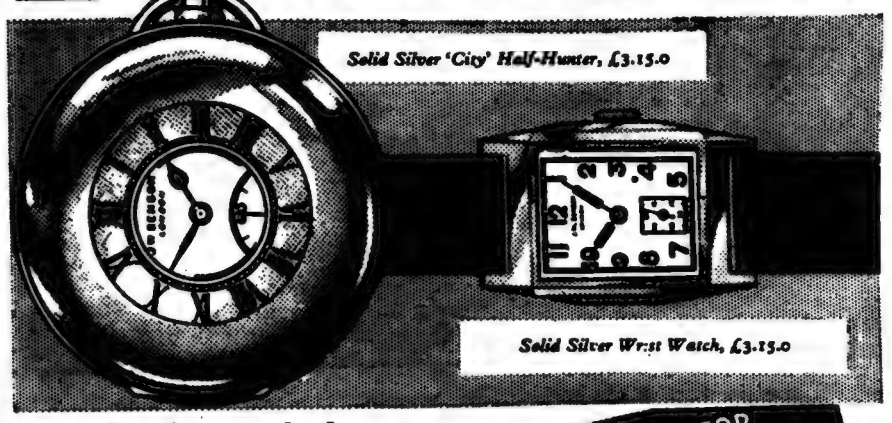

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While surgeons of the future look on; the swift, sure hands of the experts are snatching another fellow human from death

CITY of STEEL—

Has Men with Nerves of Iron

SHEFFIELD is the most hospital-conscious city we have.

Its half a million people have contributed upwards of a million pounds to hospital causes in recent years.

And they don't believe in flag-days or any form of touting for help.

At the present the people of Sheffield are considering a vast plan to centralise their hospital services—to make them, in fact, the most up to date in the country.

I think they will do it, in spite of criticisms and conflicting loyalties to existing hospitals. Because, although Sheffield has in time of slump been harder hit than any other city, its people have never let their hospitals down.

Many of them have gone without their tobacco and beer rather than do so.

The Royal Infirmary at Sheffield is a gaunt old building that began its days in what, judging from a contemporary painting, was a park and is now a ganglion of shabby streets.

There are other Sheffield hospitals, but the Royal Infirmary is the largest, and it is also known far beyond the confines of the city that lives by steel and the iron nerves of its men.

But, in spite of its forbidding aspect and surroundings, the Royal Infirmary has kept right abreast of the times.

Within its walls some of the earliest operations under ether were performed, a radical and startling development at the time.

Operations being done there now are making surgical history of equal importance.

Its hospital workers have an unrivalled experience in industrial accidents.

Things happen to people in Sheffield that are most unlikely to happen elsewhere.

For example, a few days before my visit a girl-worker in a munitions factory had her hand caught and crushed in a piece of heavy machinery.

Not only had they to take the girl to the Royal Infirmary, but the piece of machinery had to go with her.

★ My walk through the men's orthopædic ward showed how Sheffield workers suffer in the cause of modern industry, and especially in the feverish cause of rearmament.

Never have I seen so many complicated-looking contrivances for the cure of limb and bone injuries. It was like a Heath Robinson nightmare.

I stop to speak to a man who has lost both his legs at the knee. There are tears in his eyes.

"I used to like going for walks with my dog," he says, with a far-away look.

He pulls himself together. "I get a bit down sometimes, you know. But there's plenty in here worse off than me."

That is the Sheffield way of looking at disaster.

Why, they had a man in recently who had fallen sixty feet from a crane.

He had concussion, compound fracture of the upper arm, compound fracture of the elbow, fracture of the shoulder-blade, fracture of the jaw, fracture of the pelvis, fracture of the thigh-bone, a ruptured bowel, and head and face wounds.

What do you think he said when he recovered consciousness?

"Some chaps fall seventy feet. I'm lucky, I am."

The Royal Infirmary had him cured and home inside eleven weeks.

Because of religious differences, Sheffield has two "royal" hospitals—the Royal Infirmary and the Royal Hospital.

The latter looks like a religious institution; in fact, I thought it was one at first.

The almoner there paid a great tribute to the lower ranks of Sheffield's hospital supporters.

"Steelworkers and miners are types that never let you down," she said.

"If they say they can pay so much, you can bet your life they'll be round on Saturday with the money."

It was surprising to go into the rather dingy building and to discover that work is being done that many a more lavishly equipped and much more modern hospital would gladly sponsor.

For instance, at the Royal they have found out how to cure—or, at any rate, control—that mysterious and dreaded malady haemophilia—the curse of several of the reigning houses of Europe for hundreds of years past.

Two of their doctors, working on the problem of this disease, made a derivative of egg-white with which remarkable results are being obtained.

Another of their doctors discovered a new heart stimulant derived from a member of the foxglove family of plants.

Digitalis, from the foxglove itself, has long been used in heart treatments. This new substance is even more effective in certain types of case.

In one of the rooms I saw a fine array of surgical instruments, brand-new and shining.

I realised then that Sheffield craftsmen had made one of the greatest of all contributions to medicine and surgery—stainless steel.

★ At the hospital they told me of a little boy who, because of some service rendered to his mother, had regularly been bringing a penny a week as a gift—all the pocket-money he had.

The other day he seemed a little troubled when he called. Finally they persuaded him to tell what was the matter. Very red in the face, he blurted out: "P-please could I have a ha-penny change this time?"

One Fifth of November an elderly man was brought into the casualty ward temporarily blinded by a firework. What with bandages, burns, and powder-smoke, they did not recognise him at first.

Then, when he had been cleaned up, as they said, they saw who he was—the Lord Mayor.

As in every other hospital, at Sheffield's Royal they wage a constant and unremitting war against the enemy—Death. So I was surprised to find that one of its physicians thinks that we are nowadays living longer than Nature intended us to.

He put forward his views in a lecture recently. He thinks that by stretching the allotted span we are adding to the burdens rather than to the strength and vitality of the race. An interesting theory.

Originally, Sheffield was a series of villages, which became linked by the common bond of industrial progress and development.

Yet, if the truth is told, the village spirit still persists and not far beneath the city's civic life you will find old antagonisms and rivalries and conflicts.

These, to some extent, are finding expression just now in the different attitudes towards the question of centralising the city's hospitals.

But in the end the only thing that will matter to Sheffield folk is whether or not the lot of the sick and hurt is going to be improved by the change.

This series ends next week with Charing Cross Hospital

Dramas of Our Great Hospitals

By a "John Bull" Special Investigator

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RHEUMATISM

IS DUE TO KIDNEY TROUBLE

Only a remedy specially prepared to act on the Kidneys can really do you good!

Rheumatism is directly due to weak kidney action. Sluggish kidneys are allowing pain-causing impurities and poisons (especially excess uric acid) to accumulate in the system. These pain-causers lodge in the joints and muscles, irritate sensitive nerves, and thus you have pain day and night.

The only way to end your pain is to cleanse the kidneys and enable these vital organs to carry out their natural work of driving pain-causing poisons from the system. Only a true kidney remedy can do this. The quickest, surest way to prompt kidneys to rid the system of the cause of your Rheumatism, is to start taking the finest of all kidney remedies—De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

In 24 hours from taking the first dose of De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills you have proof-positive they are helping the kidneys. This is not a matter of faith but a matter of fact.

Why stay crippled with pain, feeling and looking too-old before your time. Here is Nature's way of banishing the cause of Rheumatism from your blood. Get a supply of De Witts Pills to-day. Their action is quick, safe and certain. Quick relief from pain and permanent benefit—that is the blessing offered you by this wonderful kidney remedy.

DE WITTS KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

and end the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, 1/3, 2/- & 3/-.

Stop your Stomach Trouble

Why spoil your life?

Think what it would mean to you to eat just what you really enjoy, without being afraid of pain and misery to follow! Or to revel in the freedom of not bothering at all about what you may or may not eat!

Perhaps you have deprived yourself of many of the good things of life for years. There is no reason why your stomach should make your life a misery any longer. The painful symptoms against which you have struggled can be gently and speedily stopped, and natural digestive action restored. All you need is a course of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

The perfectly balanced alkalies in this famous remedy quickly soothe and remove the pain and discomfort of even long-standing stomach disorder. They gently neutralise and correct the excess acidity which is usually the cause, and give you again the joy of a good digestion.

Mr. T. E. S., of Parkgate, near Rotherham, is one of thousands who have been freed from meal-time misery in that way. He writes: "I have been a sufferer of acute stomach disorder for 12 months, and tried lots of supposed remedies, until I was persuaded to try Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I can now eat anything put before me without the after-effects of that dreaded pain."

Give yourself the same joyous freedom. Get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day. It must have the signature "Alex. C. Maclean." 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles. Powder or Tablets, and handy 9d. tins of Tablets for the pocket.

Look for the signature *Alex. C. Maclean*

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

Send for this
FREE CATALOGUE
of BENSON'S Famous Watches and Jewellery

BENSON'S famous watches are known throughout the world for their sterling quality. Full details are contained in the free catalogue which will be sent to readers of "John Bull" who write to the address below. This free catalogue contains hundreds of wonderful articles—Watches, Jewellery, etc.—covered by Benson's full written guarantee. Easy terms, too! For example, 5/- with order secures either of the Benson's Gold Silver Watches for men illustrated on p. 23. Balance of cash price payable in 14 monthly sums of 5/- and a final sum of 5/-. Write, mentioning "John Bull," to J. W. Benson, Ltd., 62 & 64, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4, for FREE CATALOGUE, or fill in and post the free coupon on p. 23.

Candle Grease Betrays Burglar

A burglar in Marseilles was identified by the imprint of his fingers left on a piece of candle-wax no bigger than a grape-pip. Lipstick of a special kind brought a woman suspect to book. Read in "Armchair Science" the many ways by which the scientist gets his man!

VOLCANIC Power Station

Can Vesuvius be used as a power station? — can the tremendous forces inside this huge natural "fireplace" be harnessed?

The above is just a glimpse inside "Armchair Science," on sale everywhere. Every article, every page, thrills and fascinates. Get your copy to-day.

Armchair Science 6D.
ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

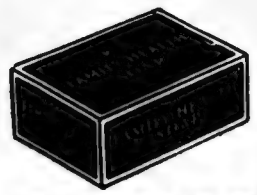
2,000 BEDSPREADS *absolutely FREE!*
Don't overlook the special offer on p. 16

FAMILY STORIES

Baby's New Toy

On Stephen's second birthday his aunt gave him a toy motor-car.
SAY THANK YOU, STEPHEN!
But Auntie hadn't noticed that it had a sharp edge.
OH, DEAR, BABY'S CUT HIMSELF!
IT WOULD BE AWFUL IF HE GOT BLOOD POISONING. I'LL GET THE FAMILY HEALTH SOAP
AND HOW'S STEPHEN'S HAND?
OH, BETTER THANKS — WE USED FAMILY HEALTH SOAP AT ONCE YOU SEE

Assure safety for yourself and your family. Keep dangerous dirt at bay. Wash always with Family Health Soap. Don't give dirt a chance to fester and do its destructive work. Preserve yourself from dirt dangers by using this health-giving soap, and let its soothing lather give you real antiseptic cleanliness always.



KNIGHT'S FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

3d per tablet 6d for 2 tablet carton

KH 26-364 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED. Soap Makers since 1810

Reader's Story by Sydney Henry

Romsey Road, Southampton

ORDEAL BY ICE

Baring his teeth, he grabbed me by the shoulders

WHEN my dissolute step-father insisted on taking me to sea, he had one thought in his mind—murder.

He had hated me from the first, for he was jealous of my mother's love for me.

Skipper of a steam trawler, registered at Goole, he pressed her to let me go with him.

I should earn wages. He would make a man of me.

He promised to look after me and he did—but not in the way she thought.

He overcame her fears for my safety with a mixture of bullying and cajolery. For my part—I was a boy of fourteen—it all seemed a great adventure.

So, with eleven others, I set sail for six weeks' fishing in the White Sea, and soon became popular with the crew—much to the annoyance of my step-father.

He began to drink heavily and took malicious delight in making me suffer.

Once, when the thermometer was far below freezing-point, my hands became raw with salt blisters.

Though he had the means of relieving my pain in the medicine chest, he refused.

"Soft, you are," he hiccupped. "Mother's darling! I'll show yer! Get out, you brat!"

I escaped his boot; but on another occasion, during a storm, some heavy casks broke adrift from their lashings and rolled about the deck, menacing the lives and limbs of anyone who got in their way.

Fishermen dread a predicament like this, and the crew mustered at once. But my step-father ordered them below.

"Let young Hen tackle them," he shouted. "It'll teach him a lesson in seamanship!"

He was like a madman, and the crew cowered.

Single-handed, the job was impossible for a man, let alone a boy.

"I can't do it, father!" I cried. "I can't do it!"

"You refuse to obey my orders?" he yelled, snatched up a marlin-spike and lashed out. Had I not dodged in time my head would have been split open.

Under this compulsion I climbed among the casks and almost at once one rolled over my toes, crushing them badly.

My step-father roared with laughter, but my cry of agony brought the crew to my rescue, and in spite of his orders, they relieved me of the task.

Although I developed a high temperature and my foot became septic, my step-father showed no signs of relenting.

I had to carry on working.

The storm showed no signs of abating and we were forced to seek the shelter of an Icelandic fiord.

Much to everyone's amazement, my step-father gave all hands shore leave except myself.

Fortunately, as it turned out, the ship's cook refused to go.

Perhaps he suspected something, for he was a kindly man and hated his skipper.

When they had gone ashore my step-father ordered me to scrape the side of the fish room.

It was a filthy and disagreeable job, and I was feeling ill, but I dare not refuse.

Taking a duck-lamp from the engine-room, I went below and started the work.

After I had been scraping the slimy sides of the hold for about an hour I heard heavy footsteps approach, and the door of the ice-room was thrown open.

My heart beat quickly. Instinctively I felt I was in grave danger.

Turning round, I faced my step-father. He reeked of drink and his expression was ugly.

Baring his teeth like a gorilla he grabbed me by the shoulders, holding me in a grip of iron, and then threw me roughly into the room opposite.

I was trapped in the ice-room.

The iron door swung on me and closed.

Save for the green glitter of the packed ice I was in darkness, in a temperature far below zero.

Obviously my step-father had planned for this, and I remembered how he had opened the door just before.

My position was hopeless. The crew was on shore except for the cook, and he was at the other end of the trawler.

No one would come near the ice-room for twenty-four hours at least, and already I was becoming numb.

Panic-stricken, I called for help, and beat on the doors until my hands bled.

My cries ended in a hoarse whisper, and, with a despairing prayer, I sank back on the ice.

As I fell my hand came into contact with steel. An ice-axe!

The discovery gave me fresh hope, and, staggering to my feet, I rained heavy blows on the door.

Then, thank Heaven, I heard a voice through the chink of the door. It was the cook.

"Hold on a minute, mate!" he cried.

His minute seemed an eternity before the huge door swung open and I found myself face to face with the cook—and my step-father.

"Take him aft," said my step-father, giving me an evil look; "and brew 'im some hot tea. How the 'ell he got there beats me. His monkey tricks!"

For the next few days he left me alone. Perhaps by now he was a bit scared.

The crew had heard of the business and were whispering together. The cook counselled me to keep my mouth shut until we reached home.

But I lived in fear. I knew my step-father would kill me if he could.

Nemesis, however, overtook him the day before we sighted port.

He had been drinking again, and a sudden lurch of the ship sent him staggering overboard.

It was rumoured that more than one man saw the accident but did not hasten to report it. His body was never recovered.

Have we had *your* story? "John Bull" invites readers to submit original stories of real-life adventure not exceeding 1,200 words, and written on one side of the paper only. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. A stamped addressed envelope should be sent with each contribution.

FEET FEEL THEY'LL EXPLODE?

If your feet swell, ache and burn — throb and torment you until you feel they'll explode — blame the stale Foot Acid in the skin-pores! Your feet have more of these pores than any other part of your body — 3,000 to every square inch of skin! They're the valves through which feet perspire. If this perspiration can't flow freely, the pores get choked-up *and the stale perspiration turns acid.* This acid piles up in the muscles, and o-o-oh! your feet ache and burn! Corns and callouses form. You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering! The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. This supercharges the water with life-giving oxygen, cleans out the clogged pores, lets the crippling acid get away. Swellings go down. Tired, burning, acid feet are cooled and comforted. Every chemist sells Radox. 1/6 per ten ounce pink packet. 2/6 double quantity. Also cubes, 3 for 7½d.

RADOX 10 oz. Pink Packet 1/6

Why be GREY?

Grey hair tells tales of years. Hindes Hair Tint restores grey or faded hair to its original colour, Brown, Dark Brown, Light Brown or Black. Easy to apply. It has no grease, cannot be detected and is absolutely harmless. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, 3/6 per bottle.

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HOW THIN WEAKLING INCREASED WEIGHT AND IMPROVED HEALTH

Pep! Charm! Vitality!

A Typical IRVONA FIGURE of BEAUTY

"Irvona" Brand Nerve and Body Builder builds beautiful bodies out of the most unpromising material, turning thin, scraggy women and weak, weedy men into veritable "Artists' Models" of figure perfection and form. Here's just one case. "After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Irvona, and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny, underweight weakling to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality." Irvona contains Iron for the Blood, Calcium for the Bones, and Phosphorus for the Brain and Nerves, and conquers that vital deficiency which keeps you nervy, skinny and weak.

PUT ON WEIGHT and maintain STRENGTH

"IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks'; 5/- for 6 weeks'; or direct, post free on receipt of price from:—
IRVONA (Dept 128), 1, GREASE ST., LONDON, W.1.
No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.

RHEUMATISM BANISHED

BY COMMON-SENSE EATING

"Common-Sense Eating" for Rheumatic Sufferers. Here is a book written by an expert, telling you in simple language the foods to eat that will actually help to banish Rheumatism. No strenuous dieting is recommended, but just common-sense eating. Thousands have benefited by reading this book, which should be in the hands of everyone suffering from Rheumatism, Arthritis, Neuritis, Sciatica or Gout. It will be sent to you, post free, for the modest sum of 6d. Send NOW 6d. in stamps, and begin a new era of health.

G. E. Lane, M.A. (Cantab.), Principal,
BRITISH INSTITUTE OF HERBAL REMEDIES
(Dept. J.B.), GLOUCESTER.

RACE WITH "SILVER RING"

Autumn's Double Event

THE work of the racing scribe, writing much in advance of publishing day, is liable to snags and pitfalls. In the space of time devoted to printing much can happen to confound him!

However since there is little or nothing moving in the racing world at the moment I am not likely to strike a snag with this week's notes!

As I write, the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire weights are imminent, but I cannot wait for them, though next week I shall remark possibilities in regard to these autumn handicaps.

It will be of interest to many punters to know that the Racecourse Betting Control Board will operate a double-event pool on these two races. The price of the vouchers, which are for win only, will vary according to the date on which they are purchased, and will be as follows: If purchased on or before September 27, 2s. 6d.; between September 28 and October 4 inclusive, 5s.; between October 5 and the "off" of the Cambridgeshire, 10s.

Vouchers will be first available for sale at Doncaster, Newton Abbot and Wye on September 8. Subsequently they will be available at all courses where a totalisator is operated.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, September 8, to Wednesday, September 14.

H A K X U Z P 98 N 96 G E D V B J

I 95 S O Y 97 L T W F 94 M R Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: B95DPXDM would read CARLORE.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. IYK295D would read HUSSAR.

FOLLOWING her usual custom, Mrs. M. Fowler, of 1, Glan Ebbw House, Victoria, Ebbw Vale, Monmouthshire, arose early on the weekly wash-day and went downstairs to light the copper fire.

Suddenly her husband, still in bed, was roused by a terrified scream. He dashed downstairs, to find his wife standing in the garden with her clothes ablaze.

A flame had leapt from the copper-fire and caught her dress. Hastily Mr. Fowler smothered the flames, but not before his wife had sustained serious burns from which she died later in hospital.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT CHEQUE.

As Mrs. Fowler was a registered reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly paid.

HUSBAND'S LETTER.

Here is an extract from the letter which Mr. Fowler wrote to acknowledge "John Bull's" cheque :—

"Many thanks for your very kind letter and sympathy, and also for your cheque. I very heartily thank you for all your kind attention and prompt action."

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

In addition to providing numerous other benefits, "John Bull" is still the only paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

£689 PAID LAST WEEK.

During the past week alone, "John Bull" distributed no less than £689 2s.11d. to registered readers or their dependants as follows :—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£427	2	11
Accident Benefits—Adults ...	£122	0	0
Children's Accidents ...	£140	0	0
	£689	2	11

ACT NOW FOR SECURITY.

If you have not yet registered for this Unique Security Gift, use the Forms below at once. None of us can tell from one day to another what is going to happen. That is life. But we can take a simple step immediately to make certain of a helping hand in times of trouble—just by using the forms below. Do it NOW!

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 10/9/38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 10/9/38.

P.S.

Don't forget to look into John Bull's Shop Window— you always find bargains there.

See pages 2 & 3.

Women demand that
"WELL GROOMED"
look in men —

That's why the OLIVE OIL SHAVE is most in demand

Men who value approving glances value the olive oil shave—Palmolive! That's why Palmolive shaves more men every morning than any other shaving preparation. There hasn't been a beard grown yet that Palmolive's soothing olive oil lather won't shave off perfectly, painlessly, speedily—leaving a smooth chin and a sunny temper to begin the day!

5 REASONS WHY PALMOLIVE IS THE MOST POPULAR SHAVING CREAM

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4. Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after effects due to olive oil content.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

STUBBORN DERMATITIS

YIELDS TO D·D·D PRESCRIPTION

Here is an actual report that every sufferer from skin trouble in any form should carefully read. Dermatitis is a skin affection that starts in small patches and may spread until face, hands and arms are covered with unsightly itching sores. Read how a nurse conquered this disfiguring trouble quickly and permanently.

Nurse M. F. writes: "I have used D.D.D. Brand Prescription in bad cases of dermatitis. I have not written before—awaiting results, but now I can say your D.D.D. Prescription is all that it is claimed to be. The dermatitis cases were very stubborn ones but quickly yielded to D.D.D. Prescription. I hope that many others will soon realise that it is practically possible as far as one can say for skin trouble to be cured if only D.D.D. Prescription will be given a trial."

D.D.D. Prescription is invaluable in all cases of dermatitis, psoriasis, eczema, ulcers, rashes, pimples and all forms of skin trouble. Sold by Chemists everywhere, price 1/3 a bottle.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

A generous trial bottle of this quick-acting certain remedy for skin troubles will be gladly sent to all who forward name and address to D.D.D. Laboratories, (Dept. M.N.10), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

GREAT PEN OFFER

JOHN BULL'S

THANK YOU, "JOHN BULL."

"I wish to thank you for the 'JOHN BULL' Pen, which I received in good condition. I am very pleased with it, and prefer to use it to one which I paid 15/- for. . . ."

—Mr. A. E. Smith, 16, The Crescent, Eveston, Derbyshire.

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON.

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 plus 9d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 9d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 9d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 6d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Have You Seen the Latest BUSH BUTTON RADIO?

BEFORE buying your radio turn to p. 4 and fill in the Coupon for full particulars of the new and latest Bush Button-tuning Radio Receivers. The Model illustrated, the P.B.51, is a 5-Valve All-Wave Superhet for A.C. mains operation. 8 Press Buttons give choice of stations. It can be obtained on popular payment terms of only a few shillings a week. Send the Coupon Now for full particulars.

"JOHN BULL'S" POOLS PARLIAMENT

This is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to John Bull Pool Parliament, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BANKERS ARE BEST!

CONGRATULATIONS on your "Golden Rules for Pools." They hit the mark. I say that as a keen follower of pools who has had his share of dividends.

But I should like to add a word of advice of my own to those who want to win in the penny pools. Unless you are going to spend pounds it's no use trying to cover all the games with a jumble of 1's, 2's and x's.

The common-sense way is to use two-way or three-way cover for as many of the difficult matches as you can afford, and then *bankers* for all the rest. And it is most important to choose your bankers by your own ideas.—B. R. L., Aldwick, Sussex, who receives this week's half-guinea.

Sound advice—and from a seasoned punter. Read, mark, learn—and profit from it!

Long Odds

Here's another idea for readers of Pools Parliament. As all matches in the 12-results list are near things, pick any three numbers from this list, stick to them and back them every week in the three-draws pool. I believe there's money in it.—F. G. W., Southwood, Westerham Hill.

Well, let's see. Last season one 12-results pool showed 11 weeks with three draws, six with four, six with five, one with six. As there are 220 different ways of selecting three numbers from 12, and in view of the above results, I calculate the odds against picking the right three as 70 to 1. Rather too big to show a profit!

Blackballed!

About four years ago, from another address, I defaulted in one of the pools to the extent of four or five shillings.

I haven't entered a pool since, but feel like doing so now. Am I still blacklisted, and, if I am, what can I do about it?—H. M., Great Barr, Birmingham.

You are still on the defaulters' list. Write to the pool concerned giving old and new address. Send what you owe and ask if they'll re-open your account. Whether you are going in for the pools again or not, pay up, as your former address is blacklisted and others may suffer.

His Syndicate

I am going to start a small syndicate with my workmates. We shall enter about 240 lines. I believe that with a 243-line entry it is possible to cover five matches for any result, leaving the others as bankers.

How should I fill in the lines?—J. T., South Shore, Blackpool.

For fully-permuted entries most pools accept the following marking: Enter your banker forecasts in the column and mark the five matches you are going to permute thus:

1 x 2
1 x 2
1 x 2
1 x 2
1 x 2

Bracket the whole entry together and mark it "243-line permutation = £1 0s. 3d." To make quite sure, write to your pool firm sending a sample marking as above, and ask if they accept entries in this form. This reply also answers J. T., of Grays, Essex.

10-Results Hunt

Two friends and I are going to work the 10-results pool, nothing-barred, sending in six lines between us. We are each going to make our own selections—all homes—but want to know the best way to combine them.—"Systemite," Stafford.

Says "Poolex," John Bull's Famous Expert

Best way would be to make ten selections each, which will probably give you about 16 lines, combine your list, and then choose the 12 you are most agreed about. Next mark like this:

1 1 1 1 1 —
1 1 1 1 — 1
1 1 1 — 1 1
1 1 — 1 1 1
1 — 1 1 1 1
— 1 1 1 1 1
— 1 1 1 1 1
1 — 1 1 1 1
1 1 — 1 1 1
1 1 1 — 1 1
1 1 1 1 — 1
1 1 1 1 1 —

This guarantees a correct line if any 11 of your 12 forecasts are correct.

Proportions

What is the average proportion of homes, aways and draws in a 12-match results pool? I want the figures over the season as a whole.—M. A. F., Shalford, Surrey.

Ignoring weeks with postponed matches, one 12-results pool yielded 195 homes, 122 aways and 115 draws in 36 weeks last season. Most usual combination was 6 homes, 4 aways, 2 draws, which occurred five times.

64 Chances

Will you please let me know how to permute 64 lines in a penny pool.—E. W. H., Epping, Essex.

Your 64 lines will take care of six two-way forecasts fully permuted. Calling the two alternatives "A" and "B," this is how you mark the lines:

Match 1—32 A's, 32 B's.
" 2—16 A's, 16 B's (twice).
" 3—8 A's, 8 B's (4 times).
" 4—4 A's, 4 B's (8 times).
" 5—2 A's, 2 B's (16 times).
" 6—A and B alternately 32 times.

Beginner

I know a bit about football, but I've never been in for pools. What is the best way to start?—H. W., Clacton, Essex.

Write to a popular pool firm, request coupon. Study this carefully, paying particular attention to rules before marking it. I would recommend the three-draws as a start. Choose four matches which you think will be drawn and mark them like this:

x x x —
x x — x
x — x x
— x x x

If any three of your selections are correct you will have a winning line, but don't expect a fortune.

He's a Convert

Having read your interesting article on pools, I realise I have been wasting time and money by just trusting to luck. To help me to be systematic, would you send me two systems—one for the penny pool (30 lines) and one for four aways?—G. A., Glensdale Mount, Leeds.

For the penny pools I can't do better than refer you to the special entries I am publishing in the "Sporting Life" Weekly Edition (every Saturday, 2d.). It contains the markings for the following Saturday's pools.

For the 4-aways pool, I will try to help you if you will let me know what your usual stake is.

Too Easy

Why doesn't some enterprising pool promoter give a chance to people like me, who can almost get every line wrong? Plenty of people would like a 20-match pool on these lines.

It was tried once, but the idea was soon abandoned. Trouble is there are so many people like you—and dividends would be negligible. There's one way of getting a 20-match pool right; more than a million ways to get it wrong.

THIS WEEK'S GUIDE

By "Poolex" (Copyright)

Until the programme for the opening weeks of the season is completed "Poolex" is unable to make the precise assessment of current form required to compile his "Graded Guide."

He is therefore giving an analysis of the matches to be played on September 10, based on the results of the corresponding games in previous seasons.

The first "Graded Guide" will appear in the issue dated September 24.

LIKELY HOME WINNERS (STRONG): Brentford, Derby, Doncaster, Middlesbrough, Motherwell, Notts Forest, Partick, Portsmouth, Reading.

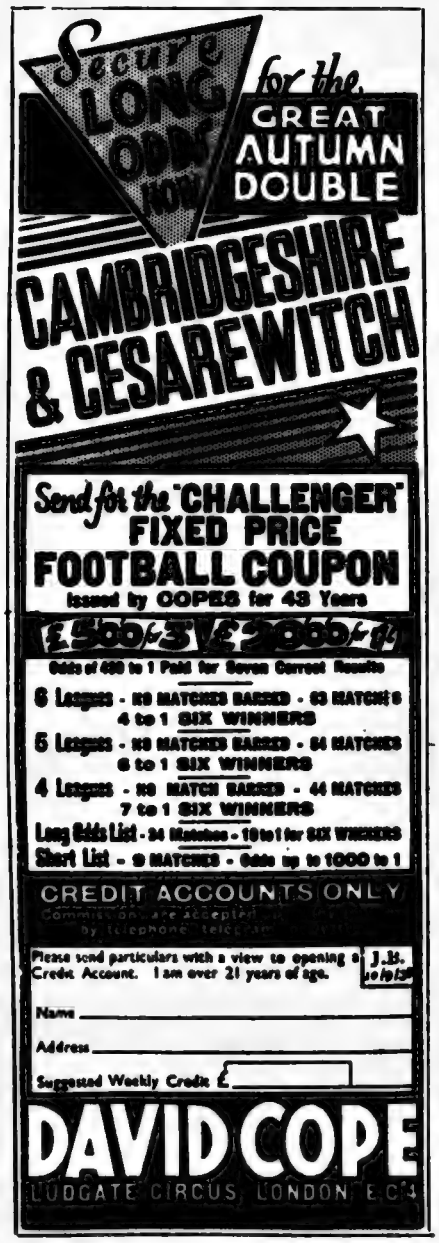
LIKELY HOME WINNERS (MEDIUM): Alloa, Arsenal, Blackburn, Bradford City, Brighton, Bristol Rovers, Bury, Chester, Coventry, East Fife, Falkirk, Grimsby, King's Park, Leeds, Leicester, Montrose, Newcastle, St. Bernards, Torquay, Watford, West Bromwich.

LIKELY AWAY WINNERS (STRONG): Accrington, Northampton, Stoke, Wrexham, York.

LIKELY AWAY WINNERS (MEDIUM): Aberdeen, Aston Villa, Barnsley, Bristol City, Charlton, Hull, Kilmarnock, Queen of the South.

MATCHES TO AVOID (names of home teams only): Airdrieonians, Bournemouth, Celtic, Clapton Orient, Cowdenbeath, Crewe, Dumbarton, Dundee, Fulham, Halifax, Hibernians, Ipswich, Millwall, Manchester City, Norwich, Port Vale, St. Johnstone, Sheffield Wednesday, Southport, Third Lanark.

See also the *Daily Herald* every Thursday for special comprehensive pools service, with form barometer, last-minute news from the clubs and special penny pools section.


Secure LONG ODDS NOW for the GREAT AUTUMN DOUBLE
CAMBRIDGESHIRE & CESAREWITCH
Send for the "CHALLENGER" FIXED PRICE FOOTBALL COUPON
Issued by COPES for 43 Years
£500 for 3/- £2000 for 4/-
Odds of 400 to 1 Paid for Seven Correct Results
6 Leagues - NO MATCHES BARRED - 60 MATCHES 4 to 1 SIX WINNERS
5 Leagues - NO MATCHES BARRED - 84 MATCHES 6 to 1 SIX WINNERS
4 Leagues - NO MATCH BARRED - 44 MATCHES 7 to 1 SIX WINNERS
Long Odds List - 24 Matches - 10 to 1 for SIX WINNERS
Short List - 9 MATCHES - Odds up to 1000 to 1
CREDIT ACCOUNTS ONLY
Commission are accepted by telephone telegram
Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account. I am over 21 years of age.
J.B. 10/9/38
Name
Address
Suggested Weekly Credit £
DAVID COPE
LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON E.C.4

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN

Doctors say that a woman's system is so sensitive that the shock caused by strong laxative medicines may do serious harm. Those internal troubles which often afflict a woman in later life are in many cases due to taking medicines which are too strong. Treat the delicate mechanism of your body gently by taking 'California Syrup of Figs.' It never interferes with the bodily functions, but relieves the bowels naturally, giving a complete internal cleansing in a few hours. Doctors and nurses everywhere recommend 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a gentle liquid laxative.

Of all chemists—1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

PAIN AFTER MEALS

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Of all the aches and pains which patients come and tell me about, stomach pain after meals is probably the most common. "I get such stabbing, griping pains after meals," they say, or "my meals give me such a horrible full-up feeling."

Well, it doesn't take long to put these patients right. Their trouble is excess stomach acid—burning acid which ferments in the stomach and leads to all sorts of painful symptoms. In these cases, I simply prescribe 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the standard antacid compound. Within five minutes 'Bisurated' Magnesia neutralises excess acid, and so stops all pain and discomfort. If you suffer from stomach trouble, I strongly recommend you to try 'Bisurated' Magnesia.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia—referred to by Dr. Scott—is available at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

What an ANALYST'S TEST-TUBE revealed about 'ASPRO'

For those who appreciate scientific facts we give the results of tests made with 'ASPRO' tablets by one of England's foremost analysts: He treated liquids containing mould spores and bacteria with 'ASPRO' and kept them from 5 to 7 days under conditions which were identical with those under which the same liquids without treatment were kept. Fermentation where sugar was present, moulding and other forms of decomposition took place in the latter, WHILST THE TREATED SAMPLES WERE FOUND TO BE UNCHANGED, except that they were sterile, the GERMS HAVING BEEN DESTROYED. So the germicidal qualities of 'ASPRO' were proved. It was a sufficiently powerful antiseptic to keep liquids containing organic matter from contamination. Sterilised liquids treated with 'ASPRO' remained sterile after 5 days' exposure to the atmosphere in uncorked bottles. The analyst also proved that 'ASPRO' was a definite solvent of uric acid which is assumed to be one of the main causes of rheumatism. Being also an anti-pyretic or fever-reducer gives 'ASPRO' the power to attack the causes of many complaints.

SO YOU SEE . . .

THERE'S A LIFETIME OF CONCENTRATED SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT REPRESENTED IN ONE 'ASPRO' TABLET

NOW YOU KNOW THE REASON WHY 'ASPRO' **stops headaches in five minutes—Banishes summer colds and 'flu at inception—Relieves rheumatic attacks in one night—Brings sweet sleep to the sleepless—Gets rid of irritability, nerviness, travel and sea-sickness, hay fever and nervous exhaustion.**

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by ASPRO Limited SLOUGH, BUCKS. Telephone: SLOUGH 600

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK & DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

Read this professional Testimony :—

"I USE 'ASPRO' MYSELF"— SAYS DOCTOR

Dear Sirs,—I find that 'ASPRO' does all that you claim for it, and I recommend it with confidence. I have tried it in cases of simple neuralgia, where it acts like a charm. I have also found it to be efficacious in cases of rheumatism, neuritis and common colds and frequently use it myself for sleeplessness, lumbago and headache.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) . . . . . .
M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D.P.H.

DOCTOR SAYS "YOU MAY TAKE THOSE"

I, Mrs. E. J., now at Longton, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs., late from Manchester, have taken 'ASPRO' for over 10 years and have been in several different hospitals, and can surely say that nothing else has kept me alive. My doctor came in one day and I had an outcover of 'ASPRO' on my chair by my bedside. I tried to cover them up but he caught me trying and he said "Don't do that, you may take those as they are harmless to the heart."

P.S.—I have only taken over this business a fortnight ago and the first thing I asked "Do you stock 'ASPRO.'" They didn't, so I will.

'ASPRO' SANITAPE PACKING PRAISED BY DOCTOR

Gentlemen, Surrey.

Many thanks for the generous samples of 'ASPRO' tablets. I have always found them to be highly satisfactory and all you claim for them. Moreover, on account of their special packing they keep under all conditions and are always fresh and up to standard.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) . . . . . M.D., D.P.H.

"WONDERFUL" SAYS NURSE

Melbourne, Nr. Derby.

Dear Sirs,

I have recommended 'ASPRO' to various patients whom I have nursed, and all those who have tried it say how wonderful it is. In fact, I usually have a box by me for emergency cases, which I find most useful indeed.

Yours faithfully,
C. —— (Nurse).

(Writers' names and addresses withheld for professional reasons.)

ASPRO PRICES 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

FILL IN THE FIRST COLUMN YOURSELF

POOLCASTER does the rest

EVERY POSSIBLE COMBINATION MATHEMATICALLY FORECASTED

THE greatest help to Pool Investors ever devised. Once you have decided on your first forecast, set the Poolcaster (it is done in a second), and you have dozens of alternatives ready to enter on your coupon. 15, 14, 13, 12 or any number of matches, it makes no difference. No duplicate columns possible. Don't trouble to fill in your copy coupon, just keep a note of your first column, and the Poolcaster will tell you the rest at any time.

Hundreds of Pounds were won with POOLCASTER on the first week's Pools this season.

6D

H. W. J. WILKINS (Sales) LTD.
44, Central Chambers,
Ealing Broadway, W.5
Telephone: Ealing 5711

WOOLWORTHS & STATIONERS EVERYWHERE

Healthy Legs For All!

DON'T let leg troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Bio-medical Remedy *that cures through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language the Elasto method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample (see offer below). Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Send for FREE Sample!

Simply send your name and address for a generous Free Sample and the Elasto Booklet. Write for these NOW! *And make the discovery of a lifetime.*
ELASTO, Dept. 15.x, Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto will save you pounds!

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL, and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

152-Page CATALOGUE FREE!

Crowded with Money-Saving Bargains!

Fill in the Coupon on p. 16 for a copy of Pryce Jones' wonderful Bargain Catalogue. It's Free!

MIGHTY PENSION, FORTUNE AND RADIO X-WORD

GREATEST PRIZE IN COMPETITIONS TO-DAY

WIN £6 WEEKLY FOR LIFE AND £1,000 Cash

No. 125

GIGANTIC 2-IN-1 FIRST OR LUMP SUM OF £2,500

BEAT all your rivals in this colossal Crossword Offer and, with £6 Weekly for Life and £1,000 cash, you can enjoy complete independence for the rest of your days!

Supporting this staggering First Prize, with its lump sum alternative of £2,500, doubled cash for Runners-up and the new "Press-button" Radios as Bonuses, "JOHN BULL" announces an unparalleled and unlimited distribution of Double Free Gifts. Whether you are a winner or not, you can secure one by qualifying as directed.

Start tackling the Clues for this Record Autumn Pension, Cash and Free Gifts Opportunity without delay, for your entry MUST reach "JOHN BULL" by the new closing date, Thursday, September 22.

STUDY THESE CLUES.

ACROSS.

1. Butter occasionally makes one
4. One may at times call on some friend for this
5. Learning that one's been this naturally makes one angry
7. Use needle and thread
8. May be the kind which gives enormous power
12. Good bookseller can probably give you this of important new books
13. Young film-star thinks hers is lovely
15. Number of crew in Varsity boat
18. When picking this you may be attracted by flowers
20. Listening to one shows whether singer can breathe correctly
21. Gate-crasher often gets, at big party
22. You are rather likely to come a cropper if you try to do this

DOWN.

1. Artist sometimes assists model to get good one
2. Tailless monkey
3. When *pessimist* does this, there's rarely much reason for worrying
4. When you get one on treasure hunt there will be excitement
6. Pole is sometimes used for
9. Broken one is somewhat unlikely to be reliable
10. Is highly valued if genuine
11. Only foolish parents would encourage objectionable one
13. The way tenants do this may annoy landlord
14. Bird's home
16. Experienced travellers are always ready for one abroad
17. Apt to be cruel in some cases
19. Apt to be matter of dispute if tennis players are poor sports

ENTER ON SQUARES BELOW—OR ON IMPROVED NEW "TIME-SAVA" SHEET ON OPPOSITE PAGE

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 125. Closing Thursday, Sept. 22, 1938.

IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value..... No. .....

With 2 squares send P.O. for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for 1s.

2 SQUARES 6d. 4 SQUARES 1s.

SIGNED .....

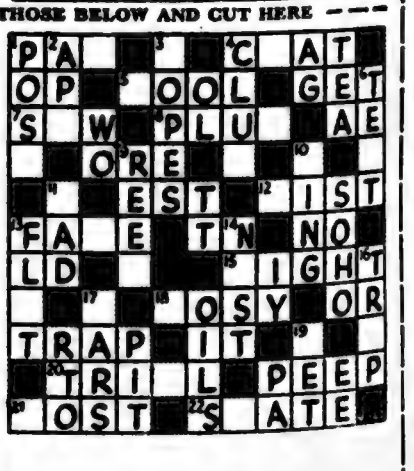
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 125. Closing Thursday, Sept. 22, 1938.

IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value..... No. .....

With 6 squares send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
With 8 squares send P.O. for 2s.

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d. 8 SQUARES 2s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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☞ **IF ENTERING ALL SQUARES OR COMPLETE "TIME-SAVA," ENCLOSE GIFT VOUCHER FROM OPPOSITE PAGE!**

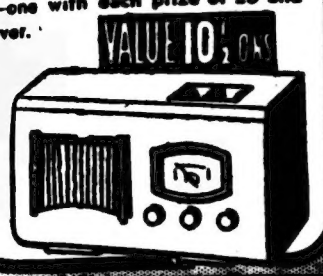
With UNLIMITED DOUBLE GIFTS FREE!

£200 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

LATEST 5-VALVE ALL-WAVE "VIDOR" PRESS-BUTTON

RADIOS

Just press the button and in comes the programme you want—from Britain, Continent or even America—one with each prize of £5 and over.



Valuable New 2-in-1 Presentation for EVERY Entrant who uses this Gift Voucher as directed

GIFT No. 1 New 1s. "Time-save" Word Guide, specially compiled for "John Bull." It enables you to work out Crosswords more surely and swiftly than with any other aid and its thousands of references will help you with your Puzzles in the most practical possible manner.

GIFT No. 2 This Surprise Presentation helps you with your "John Bull" Crossword Entries in an entirely different way from the Word Guide and forms an ideal companion to it.

CUT ROUND HERE

2/- DOUBLE Gift Voucher

AVAILABLE ONLY IF ACTUALLY ENCLOSED WITH COUPONS AND ENTRY-FEE OF 2s. or MORE FOR "JOHN BULL" X-WORD No. 125.

I enclose Entry with P.O. value..... No..... and have fully completed both sections of this Voucher in BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....

FULL ADDRESS.....

IF ALREADY RECEIVING "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" WEEKLY, MARK X IN THIS SQUARE ➡

YOU MUST AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE

NAME

FULL ADDRESS

CONTEST and GIFT OFFER closing THURS. SEPT. 22

11 Big Cheques won in Crossword No. 122

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 122, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who submitted the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following 11 competitors:—

H. AINSWORTH, 204, Shaftesbury Avenue, Thorpe Bay, Essex.
MRS. W. BAKER, R.F.D. Depot, Canterbury.
J. L. HUNDELL, Bryn Coch Lane, Mold, N. Wales.
H. BOWER, 1, Shell Street, Sheffield, 6.
F. COSTELLO, 200, Lower Rathmines Road, Dublin.
MRS. H. DAVIS, 106, Penrith High Street, S.E.1.
MRS. E. FAWCETT, 57, Cecil Avenue, Read, S.W.16.
MISS V. PEEL, 42, Lancaster Road, Finsbury, S.E.19.
H. F. PERRIN, "Lancaster," Ledsy Lane, Little Singleton, Blackpool.
E. A. HART, 63, Bushby Street, Liverpool, 8.
H. PELHAM, 62, Hiatt Lane, Hessage, N.2.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £600, and a cheque for £54 10s. 11d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of the Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, September 13, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 22 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £1 4s. 5d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 630 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. WORK. 4. LARK. 7. PAR. 9. ROPE. 12. ROVER. 14. TIE. 15. STOP. 17. NEEDS. 22. ENTER. 23. TIES. 24. WATCH. 25. WIND.
DOWN. 1. WIRE. 2. REAR. 3. CAR. 5. ARMA. 6. KICK. 8. HOSE. 10. GAIN. 11. SHOW. 13. VIE. 16. TYPE. 18. PAGES. 19. DAY. 20. SENT. 21. GAIN. 22. PEA.

WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with your entry the Gift Voucher above.

Read these Rules—Terms and Conditions on page 27

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) to reach us not later than Thursday, Sept. 22, 1938.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Save" Form for special conditions governing use.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, October 6. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, October 11, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £2,500 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

FREE "BULLETS" PRIVILEGE

With Crossword entry of 2s. or more, you are entitled to enclose one *Bullets* coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE. See the *Bullets* great New One-week Pension, Cash and Radiogram Offer on page 39.

EXTRA FORMS

For this special Contest only, you may send as many entries as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. Further Entry Forms will appear in these pages next week; for additional supply send penny postcard to JOHN BULL'S "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of sixpenny Entry Forms required.

Note NEW Closing Date —
THURSDAY, SEPT. 22

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 125, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

Improved New Time-Sava Crossword No. 125

Study these Clues

6D ENTRY-FEE FOR THESE 2 ATTEMPTS — 6D EACH FURTHER TWO COLUMNS

ACROSS

1. Butler occasionally makes one — PA
4. One may at times call on some friend for this — CAT
5. Learning that one's been this naturally makes one angry — OOL
7. One eagle and threat — SW
8. Ring to the kind which gives enormous power — PLU
12. Good bookseller can probably give you this of important new books — IST
13. Young film-star thinks hers is lovely — FAE
18. Number of crew in Varsity boat — IGHT
19. When picking this you may be attracted by flowers — OSY
20. Listening to one shows whether singer can breathe correctly — TRIL
21. Gate-crasher often gets, at big party — OST
22. You are rather likely to come a cropper if you try to do this — SATE

DOWN

1. Artist sometimes engages model to get good one — POS
2. Tailless monkey — AP
3. When *pessimist* does this, there's rarely much reason for worrying — OPES
4. When you get one on treasure hunt there will be excitement — CLU
6. Pole is sometimes used for — TE T
9. Brehon one is somewhat unlikely to be reliable — REE
10. Is highly valued if genuine — ING
11. Only foolish parents would encourage objectionable one — AD
13. The way tenants do this may annoy landlord — FL T
14. Bird's home — N ST
16. Experienced travellers are always ready for one ahead — TR P
17. Apt to be cruel in some cases — ARS
18. Apt to be matter of dispute if tennis players are poor sports — ET

INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE:—First work out Puzzle on ordinary Square with aid of clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns indicate subsequent sets of Answers by marking ON EACH LINE THE ONE LETTER NECESSARY TO COMPLETE WORD AT THIS POINT. Should any letter space be left blank in second and subsequent columns this will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at that point.

I submit this Entry for X-word 125 on the understanding that first Column and each subsequent Column used shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of correct X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and enclose

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

P.O. Value..... No. .....

N.B.—If P.O. value 2s. or over, enclose GIFT VOUCHER above.

STOMACH PAINS
ARE DANGER SIGNALS

When your digestive organs are out of order, the simplest food often causes distress. Heartburn, acidity, flatulence torment you; worse still, your food doesn't nourish you and so you become an easy prey to illness. It stands to reason you cannot be strong and healthy unless your digestive organs—stomach, liver and bowels—are working properly.

Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup combines in concentrated form the medicinal virtues of more than ten different herbs, roots and barks which experience has shown have the power of restoring tone, efficiency and regularity to the digestive organs as no single drug or combination of drugs can do. The action of Mother Seigels is gentle, not drastic; it builds up, little by little, day by day, Nature's way, the only true way. All chemists have it at 1/3 and 3/-.

Send for this

FREE CATALOGUE
of the *New* Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair
—*it adjusts itself!*

THE *New* Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair brings both beauty and comfort to the home every day of the year. And it can be yours for only 5/- with order!

Don't overlook the offer on page 25. The new 1939 Berkeley Superlax model illustrated can be obtained for 5 - with order and small monthly payments of only 10 -. A free illustrated catalogue of this chair and other Berkeley models, together with patterns, etc., will be sent FREE and post free on receipt of the Coupon. Send for this to-day—NOW, while you think of it!

Why men lose their youth too soon

Hundreds of men—and women, too—are losing their youthful vitality and energy and looks, simply because their blood and glands are being starved of certain food elements.

Nature meant our food to give us liberal supplies of **Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus** and 9 other **Minerals** as well as the six essential **Vitamins** and the **Food Iodine** without which our bodily machine cannot turn.

But civilisation, with its modern methods of preserving and cooking, destroys many of these precious elements. That is why you get tired more easily than you did, why you suffer stomach troubles, get headaches and generally feel you're growing old. And there's only one real way to get well. Replace those food elements which your system needs.

Start taking "Vikelp" with your meals. "Vikelp" restores to your food the Iron, Calcium and other Mineral elements, the Vitamins and the Food Iodine which Nature meant us to have but which modern cooked foods destroy.

"Vikelp" Tablets contain no drugs. They are simply a chocolate-flavoured concentrate of a wonderful deep-sea plant which is the richest known source of just those elements your food lacks. It contains every one of those 12 minerals and all the essential Vitamins. There is nothing else which combines them all. Its effects are almost miraculous.

MAKE THIS NO-COST TEST TODAY

If you are weak and rundown, nervous or underweight get a ten-day bottle of "Vikelp" Brand Tablets. If you don't feel and look better, have stronger nerves, banish stomach troubles and if you're underweight, put on the extra pounds you need, the makers will refund your money in full.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Tear out this paragraph at once. Send it to us with your name and address and we will send you, absolutely free, a fascinating 50-page book on How to build strength, Strong Nerves and Rich Red Blood. New facts about MINERALS, IODINE and VITAMINS. Health Products Laboratories Limited, Dept. JB 9/1, 128 Baker Street, W.1.

Now Chocolate Flavoured

REVITALIZE WITH — 'VIKELP' 1/9 & 3/6

The Editor Laughs Last

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

MAC (Aberdeen).—"You English folk must not forget that Scotland gave you whisky, haggis, golf and tartan." Gave?

E. L. (Lewes).—"I won't stand for the usual type of band music in public parks." Then why not go early and get a seat?

R. M. (Hull).—"What will happen when television sets are as common as our present-day wireless sets?" We shall see!

S. N. (Oakham).—"As there was no bridge, the long wait for the ferry-boat rather got on our nerves." Couldn't you have had a game of whist or nap instead?

K. H. (Frome).—"I saw something last night that I shall never get over." The moon?

H. E. (Tavistock).—"Can you tell me where I shall be certain of finding blackberries this season?" On blackberry bushes.

F. M. (Taunton).—"Now that the air has been mastered, why not stop in the interest of peace?" That's just what we said to the juvenile pianist next door.

R. M. (Repton).—"What is the best thing to take to prevent wet weather giving one colds and rheumatism?" Shelter.

T. D. (Walton).—"Although I am only a girl of seventeen, and haven't had much of an education, you can take it from me that I know how to put two and two together." See letter below.

W. D. (Walton).—"My only daughter is now a cinema attendant, and the manager says she seems to know her job thoroughly." See letter above.

"We had him as a pup, and realising how big they grow, it costs us a lot for kennels." (From "The Passing Show")

Mrs. C. (Morden).—"Women don't give away secrets." But they exchange them.

CYCLIST (Hitchin).—"I have had a lot of mysterious punctures of late." But surely you have some solution?

D. B. (Rochester).—"A man who can't eat his breakfast ought to interview the doctor." Or the cook.

Miss F. (Girvan).—"When I told my would-be admirer to get out of my sight, do you know what he did?" Turned out the light?

S. T. (St. Ives).—"Fourteen of the bride's relatives, all fishermen, turned up at my brother's wedding." One poor fish that couldn't get away!

E. B. (Wendover).—"When the constable stopped me for speeding I told him I wanted to see somebody in hospital." And you weren't particular who it was?

F. M. (Colne).—"Do you know what I was doing when I heard the clock strike twelve?" Yes, listening.

R. V. (Hove).—"I often wonder how much some of your city typists would give to have a complexion like mine." Just about the same price, we expect.

V. K. (Ventnor).—"Believe me, it isn't Socialism, Liberalism or Conservatism that is crippling this country." What is it, then—rheumatism?

G. N. (Baldock).—"There is no real cure for a hardened pickpocket." What about shutting him up in a nudist colony?

CAPTAIN (Liverpool).—"When we found a starving man in one of the bunkers, he admitted that he had been there seven days." Great Scot! Our golf is not quite as bad as that.

B. P. G. (Sheffield).—"I've met many a business man who doesn't know where his next cheque is coming from." We've met one or two who don't know when their next cheque is coming back.

D. J. (Carlisle).—"The finest collection of old china I have ever seen is owned by a racing tipster." And to think that he probably started off with just a few mugs!

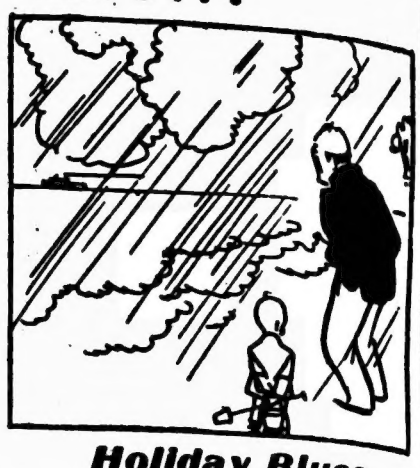
R. M. (Yarmouth).—"I bought my small son three ices, a stick of rock, two bottles of ginger-beer and a toffee-apple, and then what do you think he wanted?" A doctor.

F. C. (Nuneaton).—"I asked my landlord point-blank just how long the rain was going to continue coming through the roof." So he's a bit of a weather prophet?

K. C. (Fulham).—"There are some radio tunes I'd gladly listen to again and again." What about a radiogram to play them whenever you wish? With one of those offered on the opposite page goes a pension to the tune of 20s. weekly—you'd never get tired of that, either!

G. G. (Hampstead).—"Although continuing my work in the city, I am taking a house in the country, five miles from the nearest railway station. I wonder what I shall miss most?" Trains.

Dad's . . .



Holiday Blues

by Maz

T. L. (Clacton).—"I never dive into the sea after a good meal." Well, you wouldn't find one there, anyway.

T. N. (Bedford).—"I still believe that where there's a will there's a way." For a lawyer to make some money?

D. B. (St. Albans).—"My son spends most of his time sitting on the fence arguing." Is he going into politics later on?

C. M. (Boston).—"I am learning the art of cocktail-mixing by post." Reading for the bar, as it were.

CLERK (Atherstone).—"At least I can claim there is one thing I can do in this office that no one else can." Read your own writing?

Mrs. H. (Histon).—"I have been married over thirty years, and my husband is the only man who has ever kissed me." Isn't it a bit late to complain now?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2 6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NORTH-WESTERN DAILY MAIL:—". . . that one-quarter of the insured population is still without UNEMPLOYMENT."

EVENING STANDARD:—"Cricket result: Essex beat SUCCESS."

EGYPTIAN MAIL:—". . . that after a BOAT CONSTRUCTOR had devoured a goat."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—". . . the troops who occupied the hill there are engaged in constructing EARTHQUAKES."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"Bradman punished Gunn for four CENTURIES in one OVER."

CALCUTTA STATESMAN:—"Hammond has torn a MUSIC of his right thigh."

WHARFEDALE AND AIREDALE OBSERVER: ". . . was fined for not having two efficient RAKES on his motor cycle."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—". . . who mingles with the Academy CROWS to get the raw material for his sketches."

CAERNARVON AND DENBIGH HERALD AND NORTH WALES OBSERVER:—"In addition there were an unusually high number of 38 instances of cruelty to HOUSES."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"A third blood CONFUSION has been given to . . ."

SOUTH WALES EVENING POST:—"The bride WAS wearing a pearl COLLIER which was a gift from the bridegroom's mother."

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"'You are too ACRELESS,' commented the Stipendiary Magistrate."

TORONTO EVENING TELEGRAM:—". . . with the arrest of two women on numerous charges of HOUSEKEEPING."

EVERY EXAMPLE Guaranteed at least a £5 winner in "Bullets"

GREAT NEW ONE-WEEK PENSION CASH AND RADIOGRAM PRIZE-LIST!

LIKE A BABY · BACK TO WORK · TOO MUCH MONEY · AT A STANDSTILL · FUN & FRIVOLITY · WHAT ROADHOG WANTS · REGARDLESS OF COST · MADE WIFEY JEALOUS · HAVING A THIN TIME · NOBODY WANTS HIM, SO · WHAT MARRIAGE MEANS · GIVE HER A RING AND · IT WOULDN'T HURT IF · MAN WHO'S GOT BRAINS · PITY THE FARMER WHEN · FOR THE FAMILY'S SAKE · MAKES LIFE A HOLIDAY · NOW DAD'S GOT A BIKE · GONE BEFORE · NEW WORLD

FINE 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE FOR THIS WEEK'S BEST BULLET

£1 WEEKLY for LIFE and 25 GN. RADIOGRAM

£50 FOR 2ND BEST £25 AND RADIOGRAM

FOR 3RD BEST £10 AND RADIOGRAM

17 of £5 ONE FOR EACH "EXAMPLE" NOT FIGURING IN 1st THREE WINNERS

25 of 10/- | 200 5/- SURPRISE AWARDS

6,000 'GOOD SHOT PRIZES

LATEST FERRANTI ALL-WAVE MODEL

£300 LUMP SUM IF WINNER PREFERS SINGLE PRIZE

CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. SEPT. 17

HERE is the one and only Must-be-won Life Pension Prize in competitions to-day—it may well be your life-long reward for spending half an hour on *Bullets* this evening!

To this fine Life Pension First, offered *one week only*, JOHN BULL will add a superb 25-Guinea Radiogram—and the same magnificent model goes also with the Second and Third Prize cheques.

As a further attraction this week, the Prize Offer is so arranged that 20 *Examples* only await your consideration—each of them will form part of a big prize effort.

Pension, Radiograms, Cheques, Postal Orders—altogether 6,218 awards must be won this week. Start on your road to this long prize-list without delay.

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply select an *Example*, jot down any idea it suggests and improve this rough note to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, that this week's *Example*, NEW WORLD, had prompted you to scribble down *When Nations End Their Quarrels*. From this you could easily produce the typical and finished *Bullet*, NEW WORLD—WAITING BEYOND DISSENSION'S "OCEAN."

See for yourself how easily you might have made up any of the leading *Bullets* in our 1,134th Contest on this page. Then start at once on your own efforts, for they must be posted on or before Saturday, September 17.

'BULLETS' 1,134 RESULT

First Prize, £300 plus Motoring Holiday:

Mrs. M. E. ECCLES, Goodhey's Farm, Thorn Ley, Longridge, Preston.
Example: NOW SHE'S SLIMMING
Bullet: TAKES RUSKS—AND RISKS.

Second Prize, £25:

H. F. MULLETT, Northay, Whitestaunton, near Chard, Somerset.
Example: Long Day
Bullet: Wife's—He Slammed Gate.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Third Prize, £10:

Mrs. W. PURR, "Lee Cottage," Marsham Lane, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.
Example: To Enjoy Life
Bullet: We're "All Too Anxious."

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: E. JAMES, "Inglenook," 76, Leafield Avenue, Eccleshill, Bradford.
Spain's Lesson—Teaches World Dictators' "Language."

£8: J. P. ROUGHLEY, 55, Sycamore Lane, Gt. Sankey, Warrington.
To Enjoy Life—Play Fairly—Play "Pairy."

£7: Mrs. A. STONE, 5, Etchingham Road, Leyton, E.
Ready For The Harvest—Political "Rabbits"
Increase, Mars.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£6: Mrs. ARMSTRONG, 1, Portland Street, Workington.
Held His Hand — Up, Nazi — Questioning
Nothing.

£5: P. HAYLES, 8, Mortimore Road, Brockhurst, Gosport, Hants.
When Sandy Packed—Trunk "Called For Porter"!

£4: M. H. HOOPER, Yeomans, Kelly, Lifton, Devon.
To Get Across—"Scout" Before You Scoot!

£3: V. ROSE, 25, R. L. Stevenson Avenue, Bournemouth.
Held His Hand—To School—From Church.

10 of £2 10s. each:

S. E. BELL, 18, Eastfield Drive, Liverpool.
New She's Slimming—Landlady's Mistaken For Boarder!

J. W. BRADSHAW, 41, Partington Street, Castleton, Rochdale.
Too Venturesome—"Goddess" Driving—I'm Mortal!

Miss M. CROMPTON, 131/3, Victoria Avenue, Southend-on-Sea.
Work Like A Nigger And—Foreman's "Lip" Less "Thick."

W. G. CROOT, 39, Kingsden, Taunton, Som.
Ship's Parrot—After Promising "Seamanship," Member!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

P. ECCLES, 7a, Lord Roberts Street, Walney Isle, Barrow-in-Furness.
Now She's Slimming—"Agony"—To Become "Column."

A. HARDMAN, 28, Ivanhoe, Monkseaton, Northumberland.
Ship's Parrot—So Still Shop's Parrot.

Mrs. M. M. HARPER, "Firfield," Holyport Road, Maidenhead.
Too Venturesome — Mouse Auntie Swooned On!

C. HINTON, 69, Grosvenor Park Road, Walthamstow, E.
More Sensible—Modern Flats—Rents "Crazy."

G. H. JONES, "Dulce Domum," Busbridge Lane, Godalming.
Sobered — Father — Thought Spaghetti Moved!

E. SMITH, 1, Devonshire Way, Shirley, Croydon.
Now She's Slimming—"*Lath*" With Delicate Air.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

A list of 25 £1 5s. and 200 Surprise Award Winners can be seen at these offices.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

NEW WORLD
GONE BEFORE
LIKE A BABY
BACK TO WORK
TOO MUCH MONEY
AT A STANDSTILL
FUN AND FRIVOLITY
WHAT ROADHOG WANTS
REGARDLESS OF COST
MADE WIFEY JEALOUS
HAVING A THIN TIME
NOBODY WANTS HIM, SO
WHAT MARRIAGE MEANS
GIVE HER A RING AND
IT WOULDN'T HURT IF
MAN WHO'S GOT BRAINS
PITY THE FARMER WHEN
FOR THE FAMILY'S SAKE
MAKES LIFE A HOLIDAY
NOW DAD'S GOT A BIKE

GIANT 'BULLETS' BIRTHDAY SURPRISE COMING!

Save Money on Entries — With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on postage and postage.
Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,138 and Crossword No. 125, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,138) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Sept. 17. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,138) | P.O No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Sept. 17. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(1,138) | P.O No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Sept. 17 | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR COMPETITION No 1,138 IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY | Signed .....
I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,138, all entered in same name and address entitling me to this coupon FREE. | Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £4, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,138 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £305 received by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,133 will be displayed in the window of Hancocks, Ltd., 125, High Street, Farnborough, Kent.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

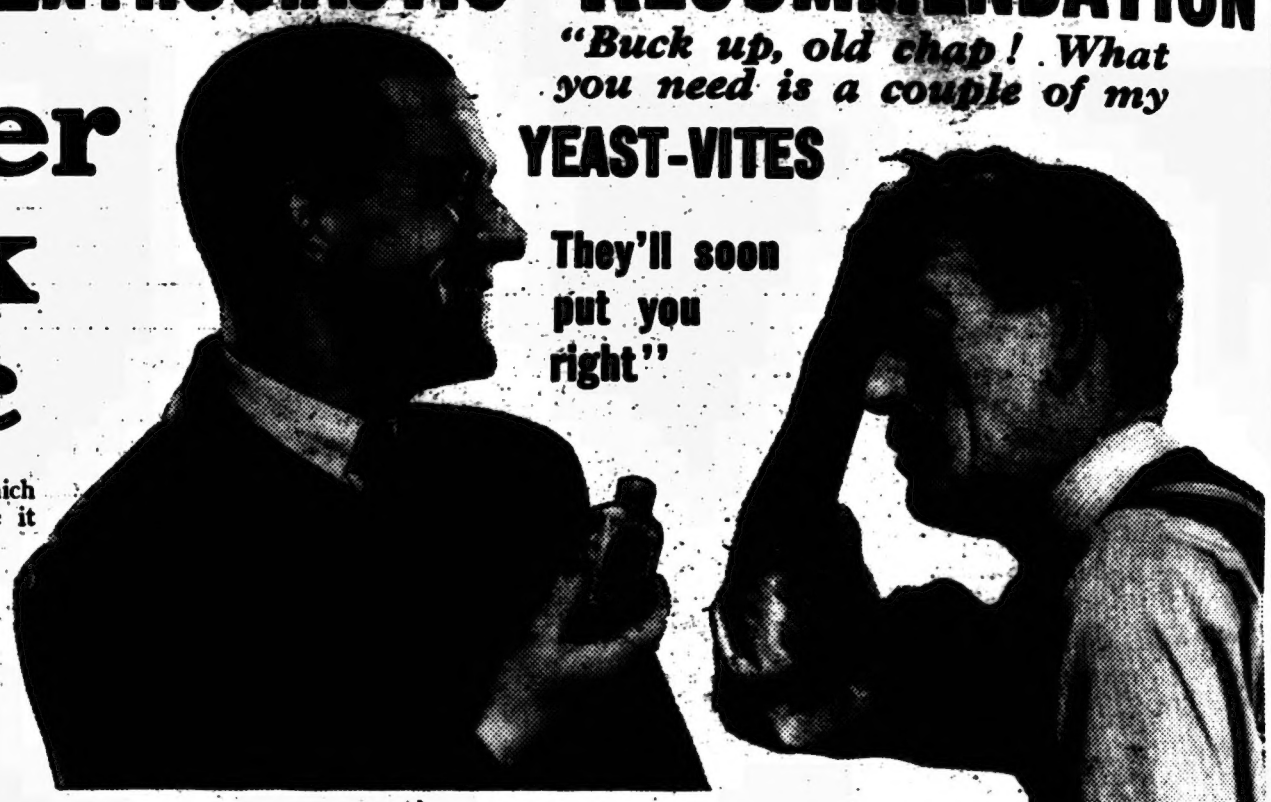
3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,138, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

They Nick-Named Me 'Yeast-Vite'

WORKER'S ENTHUSIASTIC RECOMMENDATION of Wonder Quick Tonic

"Buck up, old chap! What you need is a couple of my **YEAST-VITES** **They'll soon put you right"**



Yeast-Vite is the Wonder Quick Tonic which everybody talks about. Why? Because it does such wonderful things which MAKE people talk about-it! The letter below is typical of THOUSANDS of grateful tributes which tell how Yeast-Vite **Stops Headaches, Ends Indigestion, Banishes Nervinees and Depression, Changes Weakness into Strength, Exhaustion into Energy.**

How are these seeming marvels accomplished? How can Yeast-Vite bring **Relief** so **Quickly** and restore **Health** so **Rapidly?** The answer lies in the fact that each and every Tablet is an accurate scientific combination of pure medicinal Yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiae), especially rich in the all-important Vitamin "B," and other valuable tonic ingredients, as prescribed by leading Specialists.

WOMEN Need YEAST-VITE

From the first dose you feel refreshed, renewed, revitalised. Pain disappears, Weakness is changed to Strength. Life becomes Happy, Joyous, Worth Living!

Saved From NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, DEPRESSION & RUN-DOWN Feeling

Dear Sirs, *London, N., 22nd May, 1938.*

I feel that I must express to you my thanks for your wonderful Yeast-Vite Tablets.

Whenever I feel run-down or depressed two Yeast-Vites and I feel as fit as a fiddle. I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown recently, and I feel positive that were it not for Yeast-Vite I would never have been able to carry on my work, which I may incidentally state requires that I should be physically fit at all times.

If any of my workmates ever complain of not being up to scratch I always tell them to take Yeast-Vite, and if they fail to feel better I tell them that I will give them their money back; up to now no one has asked me to return their money, in fact they have nick-named me "Yeast-Vite."

Once again thanking you, I remain, yours thankfully,

(Signed) Mr. M. C.

Yeast-Vite Quickly Changes

HEADACHES	To	*Deliverance*
LASSITUDE	To	*Vim and Vigour*
DEPRESSION	To	*Buoyant Energy*
"NERVES"	To	*Steadiness*
INDIGESTION	To	*Keen Appetite*
EXHAUSTION	To	*Animation*
SLEEPLESSNESS	To	*Calm Repose*
RHEUMATISM	To	*Pain Relief*
CONSTIPATION	To	*Regularity*

So POSITIVE was this gentleman that his friends would benefit from YEAST-VITE, that HE PERSONALLY offered them their money back if they did not. There is no need for YOU to offer YOUR friends their money back. WE will give it to them. Read our amazing Health Offer to the entire world.

No Relief—No Pay

Yeast-Vite has proved so successful in so many THOUSANDS of cases that we invite EVERYBODY to try it at OUR financial risk. In other words, simply obtain a 1/3 bottle and if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the results just post the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded at once and in full. Sold everywhere.

6d., 1'3, 3'- & 5'-

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